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# MIRROR

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# Union Electric's Record, Policy and Service Program

This is the last of the Electric Service Editorials for the present. In these advertisements we have tried to make plain to you the following facts:

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It is told of Joseph H. Choate that when he was ambassador to the Court of St. James he was standing near the door as some of the guests at a recep-

tion were leaving. An Englishman, mistaking him for one of the footmen, said: "Call me carriage." Mr. Choate turned to him and said: "How do you do,

Carriage?" "Why do you call me that?" demanded the astonished Englishman. "Well," responded Mr. Choate dryly, "I couldn't very well call you Hansom."



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.**

## CONTENTS

DEMOCRACY AT WAR: By William Marion Reedy	319
REFLECTIONS: Why Not Let Posterity Pay?— Misleading—Sentiment in War—The Mooney Case—Not Enough Publicity—Grain Gambling—Amateur Gardening—Mayor Kiel Recuprates—Going to France for Aeroplanes	319
THE VERSES: By Mary Farley Sanborn	321
A GAMIN OF GLORY: By L. A. L.	321
DUNSANY THE DREAMER: By John L. Hervey	322
GOLD TOOTH: By Harry B. Kennon	324
THE OLD BOOKMAN: Confessions of Learned Ignorance. By Horace Flack	325
CROSS SECTION: By Murdock Pemberton	325
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: A Prophecy by Oscar Wilde—Why Balfour	326
BROTHERS IN AFFLICTION	327
MUSIC: By Victor Lichtenstein	329
MISS NIETZSCHE	330
A KISS: By Elizabeth Solomon	331
MARTS AND MONEY	332
WHEN LULU MADE TROUBLE	334
THREE NOVELS	335
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED	335

## Democracy at War

By William Marion Reedy

DEMOCRACY at war looks like a terrible muddle. The news from Washington would seem to indicate a confusion as hopeless as exists at Petrograd. In an impatience for action, people become exasperated by the delay incident to discussion, but we cannot have democracy without discussion, which is a clearing of the ways.

But for the censorship which already exists the people would know that the country was better prepared for war than the surface indications disclose. It is a fact, too, that back of the curtain of noise there is a great deal of work being done by the government without waiting for the unrolling of red tape. Those who do not want Colonel Roosevelt to have a chance to gain more war-like fame which may carry him again to the White House, may have their way; but the public in a fighting time is like a man who wants to fight, and the congress does too, although it passes the utilization of Roosevelt up to Wilson. The Colonel has proved a good recruiter and the public will not approve the flouting of his patriotism, when patriotism is most needful. The Prohibitionists have helped much to darken counsel, but they will not be permitted to put over their moral reform on the plea of state necessity. Neither upon that matter nor upon the drastic censorship is democracy willing to abdicate. Nor is it likely that the country will go at once to the extreme of seizing the food supply and fixing prices. As a matter of fact, it is not democracy that is in panic at Washington, but the faddists and the pursuers of their own private ends. The discussion is just the thing that prevents the panicky doing of a lot of things that will have to be undone. It is fine that democracy, for example, has not voted the war revenue bill with its eyes shut as Mr. Kitchin advised. Discussion of taxation will show the people who feel the proposed drastic impost in advance that there is a way to finance this war without making business and labor and all forms of service bear the burden. The wealth of the country should take to bear all the government's expenses is the wealth that is created by all the people but appropriated by the owners of land. The one sovereign remedy which it is to be hoped discussion will bring out is the single tax. With that applied we should need no other confiscation of the wealth of business. The land value tax would increase rather than diminish the use of land. There is not a tax in the war revenue measure as proposed that does not operate to paralyze rather than promote business and production. Each one threatened by the war taxes sees that the tax which will hit him is a business killer. So is every tax but the single tax upon community-created land values. And that is the tax which means universal free trade and the end of war. The Crosser bill in congress to raise all revenue from land values, independent of improvements, and from nothing else, should be substituted for the tax method pursued in framing the bill of the Ways and Means Committee. Discussion of such a matter should not be suppressed. The conclusion I have reached about the war in general is that it is going to be a long war. Briefly, the situation is this:

France is desperately pressed for men. Great Britain has gone almost to the limit of her credit. Russia may conclude a peace with Germany on some Tolstoyan basis any day. Italy cannot hold out much longer as matters stand. The United States will have to win the war. It must furnish food,

ships, money, men. That is the meaning of the visit of the British and French commissions and that is what the coming visit of the Italian commission will mean. That is what President Wilson meant when he declared for war that the world may be made safe for democracy. Unless the United States can prevent it, Germany will win the war. This is the big fact back of all the talk at Washington. This is the one fact which, if more generally understood, would make the war more popular than it is. But for our love of France and for our precarious hope for democracy in Russia, there would be no semblance of popularity about this war.

Being in the war, we must fight to win it, but we are not going to win it by going ahead and doing things with our eyes shut or because they have been done in England or in Germany. Some few people are telling us that we must do this or that. There is a sudden crop of experts. Not all of them are as expert as they think they are. Undoubtedly the war must be fought by experts, but the thing that comes before the call for the experts is the solidification of the democratic basis of the war. The people and their representatives know that some liberties have to be given up temporarily to win the war, but they are not going to surrender their liberty because a few people to whom war is as much of a new thing as it is to the rest of us, say that we should do so. This is the more to be insisted upon when we know that it is not true that the navy and the war and the other departments are in the hands of incompetents and that vast arrangements were not made for war long before the declaration came, because it was seen that war was unavoidable.

I do not join in the denunciation of congress for discussion and delay. The democratic method is better than going into war as England went. Better take our time now than invite what happened through leaving it to Kitchener. Not because there was too much democracy, but too little, has Great Britain had to court disaster through changes in munitions, in generals, in admirals and in plans of campaign. "Five weeks of war and nothing done," says a New York paper. If that were true, which it is not, it would not be a fatal indictment. We have to do as we are doing, because we long ago chose not to go in either for militarism or navalism. It is not so important to start as it is to start right. It is anything but folly to consider fully where proposals of this or that action will lead us ultimately. As we have to win the war, we must guard against mistakes at the beginning, since repairing those mistakes later on may work our undoing. I think congress is doing what it should do. So is the cabinet. I believe that in the clamor against congress, cabinet and president, the newspapers are crazy with the taxes and at that there's method in their madness.

New York, May 15.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

*Why Not Let Posterity Pay?*

A GREAT outcry goes up from the various business interests of the nation over the levy of the heavy war tax as proposed by congress. Delegations are going on to Washington to make vehement protest on the spot. There seems to be no inclination of any line of business to be a slacker or evade the full share of the burden, but some of them object to assuming more than a proper share. Unquestionably great injustice exists in the revenue bill as drafted. The postage tax proposed for periodical publications



is an instance. The publishers show that if the proposed rates are put into effect, with the additional nuisance of the obsolete zone system, it is likely to put half the papers in this country out of business. Newspapers are really a necessity, but owing to a too prevalent mental torpidity are regarded by millions of people as a pure luxury. It is difficult enough for the editors of the land to combat this intellectual inertia and the government should encourage their effort to the extent of not penalizing them unduly. Owing to the fact that the printed page is a thing millions of people think they can dispense with at all times, the publications will not be able to pass the tax on to the consumer and will accordingly have to suspend. The government will thus kill one goose that it expects to supply golden eggs. The revenue will be reduced, not increased.

The problem of levying a great tax on wealth and industry is a most intricate one. It does not lie within the brain of man to devise a just tax under the present system. And yet the problem under a really scientific land tax system is simple.

Likewise the virtue of paying for the war as we go along is being stressed too much. War in any circumstance is a great unsettlement. It throws the whole economic machinery out of adjustment. The attempt to levy a great war tax during the war greatly increases the economic disturbance. We are bound to conclude that such a tax is a source of weakness and that the nation would be stronger were its imposition deferred until the main object of the war is accomplished. And wherein is it unjust that the future should be made to pay the money cost of such a war as this? We of to-day pay the greater price, for we must spend our blood and manhood. The war is waged for high ideals. It is for democracy. If we succeed, more of the benefits will accrue to the future than the present. We pay enough when we pay with blood. Seeing that future generations are to receive the main benefits, there is no injustice certainly in asking these generations to pay the financial, or the lesser part of the score.



#### Misleading

REPRESENTATIVE CLAUDE KITCHIN, the Democratic "leader" of the House of Representatives, got up in the body to which he was elected by his confiding constituents, and made a five hours' speech on the conscription bill. In the meantime the civilized world waited, although the civilized world didn't give "three whoops" what Kitchin said. Men died in France by hundreds; Germany went on sinking whatever vessel appeared upon the seas; the world went on consuming its altogether too scant food supply. Time, counted in hours, was of the most vital importance to civilization. While the great tragedy was being played on the European stage, every moment was of a consequence that might prove a matter of life or death to inconceivable hundreds of millions of human beings. Delay was the one thing to be avoided, inasmuch as delay in war has only too often proved fatal. And yet Kitchin talked five hours! This was not deliberation; it was merely talk. Kitchin wasted five hours belonging to an hundred million people in futile talk. Five hours spent in "oratory" which impressed nobody, while the issue of crushing the German autocracy stood in abeyance. The efforts of this country to accomplish its manifest purpose of throwing its weight against German aggression to the end that the world may have peace, halted while Mr. Kitchin "tore off" a few hundred yards of speech. Could anything be a more eloquent commentary on the weakness of democracy than that one man could thus compel a great nation to halt for five hours while he made the empty benches in the House of Representatives rattle with the noise of his buncombe?

Nobody knows what Kitchin said except the proof-reader of the *Congressional Record*. It is only known that he was against conscription. He could have stated this fact and sat down, or he could have merely sat still. The country takes it that Kitchin is against everything that is effective or which the

administration may want. And therein is the curious fact of the situation. Kitchin is the nominal leader of the Democratic party in the House. He has, as leader, appeared in opposition to nearly every measure that has been advocated by the administration or supported by his party. He appeared as one of the opponents of a declaration of war, although to nearly every sane man it seemed that war could no longer be avoided, and now he is making five-hour speeches in further opposition to this inevitable policy.

The question is: Why is such a man retained as leader when the record shows that he leads nothing? Mr. Kitchin's idea of life and ethics seems to be that of the average of a Southern rural community prior to the Civil War. There is no reason why there should not be discussion and deliberation even in these hurried war times, but there is no member of the national body who can't tell all he knows on any one subject in five minutes. In this crisis no man should be permitted to waste five hours of what may be considered world time. Kitchin is not the only offender. There are some members from Missouri who need to be shown.



#### Sentiment in War

ONE of the congressmen who opposed the bill to permit Col. Roosevelt to raise a division for service in France, sneeringly suggested that "now is no time for sentiment." And what is all just warfare but devotion to a sentiment? If the present war on the part of this country does not represent devotion to sentiment—the sentiment of humanity and justice—what is its meannings?

Col. Roosevelt should be sent to France because he is of sentimental value. He, to many of his countrymen, stands as a representative of the crude sentiment involved in the wager of battle. To them he represents adventure and romance. Sir Ernest Shackleton, who is himself a great adventurer, in a recent interview, said that sending Roosevelt to Europe would in itself inspire in France a high sentiment of enthusiasm. To have a former president of this republic leading troops in the field would be a fine exemplification of the sentiment of democracy.

War is largely an appeal to the emotions. Much of this appeal is often misleading, but it is safe to say that if the emotions did not enter there would be little war. Col. Roosevelt appeals to the emotions of millions of his countrymen. It is a force that should be utilized. His entry into the war area would appeal to the emotions of all the Allies. It is an influence of incalculable value to the cause of democracy, and the president will not view the situation with his usual vision if he fails to take advantage of the great emotional force represented in Roosevelt.

By all means let the Colonel raise his volunteers. Put them in France at the earliest possible day. They may not directly kill many Germans, but they will serve as the inspiration to that end.



#### The Mooney Case

It is with a distinct shock that one gets from the labor and weekly press, and not from the great dailies, some of the real news of the labor war that has been going on in San Francisco for several years, and which has culminated in the sentencing of Thomas J. Mooney to death and another man to life imprisonment. The labor people charge the most flagrant fraud and conspiracy against the organized capitalists of San Francisco and the legal authorities, in the attempt to fix the guilt in the bomb outrages. They insist that the entire prosecution was a criminal "frame-up," intended by ruthless capitalism to break the power of organized labor in San Francisco. While the statements of both sides to the controversy should be accepted with reservations, in knowledge of the exceedingly bitter war that is being waged in that city between organized capital and organized labor, it does seem remarkable that such a trial with such sweeping charges and

counter-charges should have occurred without the country knowing scarcely anything about it. Now one of the main witnesses for the state has confessed that he was bribed, or at any rate an attempt was made to bribe him. The labor leaders make many other charges of "plants" of evidence and subornation and sequestration of witnesses, to which no satisfactory reply has been made. At any rate, the charges of a "frame-up" are positive and sweeping enough, that one feels that justice will miscarry if these men are not given new trials. The great body of damning charges made by the labor people should then be thoroughly sifted.

In the meantime, what of that "palladium of our liberties," the daily press? It has either ignored the whole matter or minimized it as much as possible. Its attitude in these cases seems to justify the designation hurled at it by Labor—the "capitalistic press."



#### Not Enough Publicity

ONE point at which the daily newspapers may be accused of remissness is the scant attention they give to the various conventions that meet here. This week the Odd Fellows of the state, together with the woman's branch of the organization, known as the Order of Rebecca, met here, and a few brief paragraphs in the dailies was all the attention these important series of meetings got. It may be urged that the great war now occupies the entire attention of the people and takes up all newspaper space. The last is not true, as is shown by the picture "fillers" and other space-consuming efforts employed by the dailies. More than that, the newspaper neglect of the various conventions that meet here antedates the war. Business and other conventions of the greatest importance have met here in the last few years and received little more than brief mention in the dailies.

St. Louis has its Chamber of Commerce and its Convention Bureau. These supposedly spend money and effort to induce conventions to meet in St. Louis. Then, when they do meet, their meetings are treated by the newspapers as negligible. The newspapers by their attitude in this matter neglect not only a source of real news, but show themselves deficient in civic patriotism. The delegates who attend the conventions, seeing that the newspapers pay little or no attention to their meetings, go away with the impression that there was something lacking in the welcome that should have been extended them.

Possibly if the Convention Bureau would give a little more attention to securing adequate news space in the local dailies for the dozens of trade and other conventions that meet here every year, it would more effectively advance the interests of St. Louis.



#### Grain Gambling

MOST of the grain gamblers of the country have hastened to cover by themselves prohibiting in their exchanges the speculation on wheat futures, in anticipation of action, through the government, of those people who are convinced that the high or low price of some commodities is largely caused by those who are inclined to lay wagers on that price. It does not seem, however, that this belief as to the mighty effect a speculation may have on such prices is sustained in economic logic. It is true enough that the price of any commodity may be effected to some extent by wagers placed on the future price of the commodity, but it does not amount to as much as some people think. For the real value is, after all, the thing that fixes prices, and the value is fixed by the great natural law of supply and demand. Betting on what that value may be at a given date, may cause the price to oscillate from one side to the other of the real value, but it can never get very far away from that substantial point and must always return to it. Holders of the theory that grain speculation really controls the price, will point to the drop of about twenty cents a bushel in wheat as an evidence of the truth of their theory, but it



should not be forgotten that these were future or paper prices, made on a commodity not yet in existence. Guessing on the value of July wheat may sway the prices a little while the real value does not as yet exist, but when the wheat comes into the market and becomes a reality, the guesses will have to be very close to the reality, else the guesser is penalized.

Buying or cornering the actual grain and holding it for speculative purposes is an entirely different matter. That is seeking to create an artificial scarcity and thereby increase the demand. In war time, the attempt to interfere with this law of supply and demand by holding a real commodity instead of betting on what the price of a commodity may be at some future date, is the question that should enlist the attention of the government. If a commodity is left free to go up or down on the impulse of natural law, merely betting on the way it will go will not to any marked degree effect the economic situation.

♦♦

#### Amateur Gardening

To the eye of a person who knows anything about agriculture it will appear that there is no great hope of swelling the nation's food supply through the cultivation of vacant town lots or other amateur attempts at gardening. Perhaps, fortunately, the urban public has not been greatly fired by the advice to cultivate vacant town lots, if we are to judge by what we see in St. Louis. Nevertheless, a number have yielded to the urge to agriculture and have planted gardens. Defects in the theory of earth culture are only too often apparent. For instance, many of these gardeners have not realized that soil is necessary to the growth of plants, and have put in gardens in clay. Others are still busy putting in their "crops," regardless of the fact that it is getting late for planting seeds in the ground. There are other defects in the amateur system which will doubtless appear later.

The point in this matter is that it is necessary to know something about how to do a thing before an attempt is made to do it. Agriculture is a matter that cannot be undertaken without knowledge or experience any more than building automobiles. It may amuse the persons who try it, but as far as any real value it will have in adding to the food supply is concerned it is not worthy of consideration. A better way than urging people who don't know how to raise gardens would be to try to induce them to turn their energies to some line in which they do have some knowledge.

♦♦

#### Mayor Kiel Recuperates

MAYOR HENRY KIEL has gone away to recuperate the health that he impaired, it is said, in the discharge of his duties as mayor, and the friends who testified their loyalty at the last election as well as at other times, hope he will again soon "be in our midst." St. Louis has a sincere regard for Henry Kiel, despite the attempt partisanship has made to obscure the estimate of him. His breakdown from overwork calls attention to the extraordinary amount of duties saddled upon a man in his position. The new charter demands that he shall not only exercise supervision over the transaction of the business of a great city, but that he shall play host at hundreds of function of a public or semi-public nature. Mr. Kiel is conscientious and ambitious, and in striving to discharge the duties assigned to him overtaxed himself.

♦♦

#### Going to France for Aeroplanes

WE Americans are disposed as a people to always give ourselves the highest credit in comparison with other peoples. We are supposed to especially excell in mechanics and inventive genius. Americans invented the aeroplane but now comes word that after many trials, the war department has abandoned all hope of using American aeroplanes

in the war with Germany, and has given a large order in France for the manufacture of the machines it will need. It has been the same with nearly all war-making machines. Americans have invented most of them, but their development has been left to foreigners. The politicians at Washington have never been disposed to encourage American war-making inventions. For nearly three years of war the invention of the Wright brothers has had its superlative value daily demonstrated, and yet the war department at Washington never made a move to encourage its use as an adjunct to our army. What has been always needed at Washington is more progress and less bourbon politics.

♦♦♦♦

## The Verses

By Mary Farley Sanborn

AS I read the verses  
Written by my friend  
There crept into my spirit  
The repose of nature  
That comes after a sunset  
And a sense of the repose  
That we call eternal;  
An intimation of one lying asleep  
And listening  
While autumn leaves  
Drift in the still air  
And come to rest on the bowed grass  
Above his head.

The poem was a clear drop  
Falling into a deep well,  
And the silence that followed  
Was not like that  
Which went before.

♦♦♦♦

## A Gamin of Glory

By L. A. L.

"Gaspard," René Benjamin. Prix Goncourt 1916. Arthème Fayard & Co., Paris.

AUGUST the second. Mobilization. Farewell Montparnasse, Avenue du Maine, Rue de la Gaité! Good-bye, you succulent snails fat for the frying! Presto, change, Gaspard! Voilà, marchand d'escargots. Vive, Copain, Poilu!

We meet him in the little hamlet in Normandy at the nerve center of seven or eight hundred Parisians of *le Quartier—bourgeois, canaille* and indispensable to the country. Invaluable because the gamin of the metropolis whether of Paris, or Chicago, or St. Louis, "is the bugle that musters the regiment, sets it on the march and marks the step."

High private in the rear rank, this *Gaspard*, with his curious *argot* and his smell of the cellar, but born with the purple of leadership, like his compatriot of *quatrevingt-treize*, *Theroigne*, the terrible amazon of the *canaille*. "Who spoke disrespectfully about the disgusting arrogance of common men when decked out in the uniform?" No more of that before *Gaspard*!

"Oh my Captain, are we soon there and up and at 'em?"

"With aid of Gaspard!"

"All to the good then! Gaspard's engaged! They pay a sou a day, eh? Good enough! Pretty soon we'll eke out from our *rentes*."

What a medley! Provincials, peasants, Parisian *canaille*! . . . Two days later, thanks to *Gaspard* snail merchant and embryonic Buonaparte, they were a band of soldiers.

And so these elemental Normans and more elemental Parisians start for "the ball in Berlin" where they will dance with the pick of the pretty little *Allemandes* a month hence, at most. Sure thing!

In a month the *Boche* will be begging for mercy. And all so happy—except poor *Monsieur Hommage*, the real estate agent, who can't go to war because he has a terrible endo-peri- or plain carditis. "Never mind, old chap, stay in your safe! We'll send you picture post cards," said *Gaspard*, "I have nothing, so can lose nothing. You have something to look after, better stay behind." No more was the little clerk happy, for he must leave his sweetheart. But he went, saying, "No more love! . . . War. . . Battles. . . Death!"

"Ah ha, me boy! Going to get yourself killed?"

"Maybe; you most always can't tell! Vive la France!"

"The hunt's begun, now bring on your game!" And thus they entrain for the muddy, bloody, floody, ruddy *boyaux* and *tranchées*.

Count on *Gaspard*! Captain hungry? Comrades famished? A good deal of grumbling because the *État-major* doesn't furnish Pullman sleepers? Sadness because there are no feather beds and spiral springs? Discomfort in the biting cold rain? *Gaspard* is the boy who can buy the chicken that is beyond price and turn it into soup for the captain! He is the gamin of the pavement who knows how to find the velvet side of a deal board, or make wet hay anhydrous for an exhausted *Copain*!

"With the aid of Gaspard!" didn't the captain say that? Wasn't it up to *Gaspard* to make good, in the army the same as he made good in the snail business? Surest thing in the world! "Come on, boys, we all have tickets for Berlin. Nice dance there with the pretty little Berliners—some peaches, those Berliner *Boche* girls, b'lieve muh!"

Yet not altogether saint, this *Gaspard*, nor above the weaknesses of mankind. "What's this? Ah, ha, beer! Hooray," and *Gaspard's* bayonet *en tierce* lunges at the head of the *achtel*. Here's relief for the exhausted *poilus*!

"Don't do it, Gaspard! Robbery on the State railway system! Don't!" and the sergeant looks on in horror.

"Robbery?" retorts *Gaspard*, "On the State system? What is the State anyhow? We are the State, eh? and traveling on *our* system we find some beer and it's ours. Come on, comrades, pass up your canteens!" There you have the instinctive soldier—the man of action—quick opportunist, leaving to the officers their proper function of thinking, planning *la grande combinaison*, weighing pros and cons.

Perfectly *naïve* and charming, too, the episode of the *mignonne*, petite girl who rambled by the sentry post where *Gaspard* and his *copain*, *Burette*, were on guard. Primrose dalliance, of course; provincial compliments, kisses on both the velvety cheeks, and *Burette's* disarmed right circumnavigating that supple, lithe, equator under the basque; while *Gaspard* plans the grand manoeuver for the heart of the *demoiselle*.

"Oh, let me go! I must get back before night. The sentinels will halt me. You men have such good faces I didn't even think to give you the countersign; but if I meet ugly ones it doesn't take long to say 'Turenne.'"

"But that isn't the countersign to-day!"

"Not 'Turenne?'"

"Of course not; it's 'Marceau.'"

"Marceau?" And she scrutinized them skeptically. But *Gaspard* caught her and planted an awkward kiss on her cheek and said, "Sure, it's 'Marceau.'"

And then this ray of sunshine escaped from the exploring, amorous hands of *Burette* and with a musical "*Au revoir*" she was gone.

"*Sans blague*—no kidding," said *Gaspard*, "she's a peach!" And when the relief came to mount guard, *Gaspard* warned the comrades to watch for the little charmer, who could give so much pleasure amid the horrors of war.



But the next day *Gaspard* and *Burette* shuddered when the sergeant inquired about the provoking little morsel of femininity, and refused to be complaisant seeing that she and the enemy spies knew the countersign, "Marceau." Alas! she had sent it over to the *Boche*, tied to the feet of the homers so coquettishly concealed in her bouffant and seductive bosom! "I'll report you both to the captain as two idiots," and the sergeant started for headquarters.

"Well, *what* do you think of that," mused *Gaspard*. "Wouldn't that turn your milk to Javelle water?"

Before condign punishment could fall on the unsophisticated gallants, tremendous cannonading, very close to the front, introduced both men to a theater of pardon, glory and death. Poor *Burette*, slowly bleeding to death with a shrapnel tear in his belly; *Gaspard* with a perforated thigh, but covering his comrade with his own body while applying the preliminary relief, and gathering strength for the labor of Hercules he meant to do. "Now, old comrade, your two arms around my neck, I'm going to carry you to the emergency post."

"No, *Gaspard*, I'm in bad shape—let me die here. Don't move me! Let me die here. . . . *Gaspard*! Tell my little wife. . . ."

"Are you done talking? You *have* got lead in you. Well, we are going to have it taken out. You have the look of a man who will live a hundred years. Around my neck—hug tight—now we're off."

*Gaspard* thought no more of his hip. He threw away his rifle and equipment, saving only his haversack with a morsel of boiled beef for his *copain*, and staggered toward the rear under a terrible fire. "Courage, old boy," he whispered to *Burette*, "we'll soon get to the village and they will cure you there. Oh, those pigs of Germans, if they would only let up the shell fire. But never mind, comrade, if they get us, why, they get us, that's all." And puffing, groaning and sweating under his burden, he struggled along, muttering words of encouragement to fever-racked, and dying *Burette*.

Well, the *brancardiers* refused to call a carriage for the *copain*, and *Gaspard* told them flatly what he thought of a *Croix-Rouge* that wouldn't do so much for *Burette*; and at last he tenderly laid down his burden on the operating table at the *poste de secours*.

"All right," said the surgeon, "now you get out. . . . Room, please!"

"Gas . . . *Gaspard*! . . . you . . . are the . . . best friend I ever had," gasped *Burette*.

"Good-bye, *Burette*, I'll see you on Montparnasse. Cheer up!"

And then *Gaspard*, collapsing under the fever and pain of his own wound, goes under the care of the surgeons, moaning for the loss of his old *copain*, *Burette*.

When, on convalescence, in Paris, Rue de la Gaité, *Madame Burette* beseeches *Gaspard* for the hideous details of her husband's martyrdom, he fabricates a "*dulce-et-decorum*" story of his comrade's instantaneous death, with a Mauser bullet in the forehead, and soldier burial under a friendly wave of the soil of France, plowed up by a *Boche* obus, and sprayed gently over the peaceful, heroic figure of *Burette*! Why should *she* be made to suffer by knowing about the horrid shrapnel hole in the abdomen? Why say anything about the terrible portage to the hospital under withering shell and rifle fire? Heroism? Fudge! Who wouldn't do that little for a dear comrade?

Invalided back to Paris, *Gaspard's* sole thought is to marry *Bibiche* and make his *gosse* legitimate. "Suppose the case: *Gaspard* is killed. There's the *gosse*—neither flesh nor fish! That was all right before the war; but afterwards, when they wash the dirty linen! It would hurt me terribly if he shouldn't be legitimized. Here, kiddy, tell me, do you want to be legitimate?"

To accomplish this duty to society required five days, and his leave was out in three. Never mind. Hadn't he been shot through the thigh for the *Patrie*? Wouldn't the captain fix it up? Anyway, he would

marry *Bibiche* and then go back to the line of fire. And he did, only to be treated as a deserter when he rejoined.

Then the call for volunteers for some extra-hazardous duty under fire, and *Gaspard* shouts, "Present!" though smarting under the severity of punishment inflicted on a good *poilu* who had been "pinked" by the *Boche*, merely because he had overstayed his permission to make a good legitimate citizen for Paris and *La Patrie*! Twenty-four hours later, with a leg torn off by a "*Boche* .420," *Gaspard* comes into the flower of his *poilu* philosophy. Suppose you are half killed? You can enjoy what's left. Suppose they do cut off one of your feet? You can still rub your hands, can't you? You can hop, trot, adapt yourself to the new necessity. After all, the main thing is to live; and while you live be happy. Happiness—ah! that's the real underlying purpose of existence, whether you have one leg or two.

And so, at length, *Gaspard* returns to his snail shop Rue de la Gaité, and when he looks at the dome of Les Invalides he knows what it means. Then he glances down at his one good foot and at his *gosse* and he muses: "These kiddies will have the profit of it all. They will climb far above us. They will stuff themselves with roast turkey and truffles. But say! we were the fellows who tanned their hides for the *Boche*!"

René Benjamin is well entitled to his Prix Goncourt, and to his sales running close up to 150,000 copies of "*Gaspard*." To read this book, and "*Le Feu*," and *Maréchal Joffre's* battle dispatches and orders—well, having them nicely digested is to be educated on the subject of the World War. "*Arma virumque*!"

♦♦♦♦

## Dunsany the Dreamer

By John L. Hervey

THE vital thing about the Irish Literary Renaissance is its vitality. We are constantly being informed, or warned, that the impulses which have energized it are exhausted and that it is petering out—and constantly new protagonists are coming forward to prove the contrary. The group just now before the footlights comprises at least half-a-dozen men all of whom were unknown yesterday but in whom to-day everybody is vividly interested in a way in which they are interested in nothing else literary or dramatic. Of these men easily the most interesting is Lord Dunsany and just as easily is he the one in whom the most interest is being taken. Not only are the literary magazines, the reviews, the "pages" and "columns" of all sorts and conditions of publications at all aware of literature or the drama "playing him up"—already a book has been written around him and others are threatened. We may say that he has become a cult, or, if you prefer, a vogue—and that he promises, with but a little judicious "promotion," to become the rage. Such a figure commands our attention. Particularly because, behind the cult, the vogue, the prospective rage, there happens to be a unique and, it may even be said, a consummate literary artist.

His case also exemplifies anew the appositeness of an adage—the perennial disability of the critics from perceiving the forest on account of the trees. For we hear and read of "*Dunsany the Dramatist*," *et praterca nihil*. That is the title of the book which has been written about him—a book in which the author takes both himself and his subject with such a serious intention that one can without great difficulty imagine the subject, when he takes it up, indulging in a somewhat quizzical smile and regarding it in a somewhat humorous light. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything else, Lord Dunsany having in his works, and more especially his dramatic works, disclosed himself as a very quizzical fellow indeed.

However, I do not in these paragraphs intend to do more than glance in passing at "*Dunsany the Dramatist*." Not for lack of interest in his plays,

the most important of which, as I have seen it done by the Portmanteau Players, seems to me the most interesting and significant stage piece, of any kind, that it has been my fortune to see, to hear, or to hear of in I cannot remember the time when. But because, despite this fact, I consider his plays the less important portion of his artistic production; while, beyond that, it were a work of supererogation to traverse a field now being so rigorously and so meticulously plowed and harrowed, hoed and raked, and across which so many tracks and trails are visible. My devotion is not to the writer of plays but the teller of tales. For, in my opinion, long after his plays have disappeared from the stage his tales will continue to be read and when the playhouse has forgotten him Lord Dunsany will remain a permanent figure in the library.

"Lord Dunsany," says Ernest A. Boyd, in his intelligent and informing book, "*Ireland's Literary Renaissance*," but just from the press, "has been the most neglected of our prose writers." In a sense he still remains so, for in a lengthy article upon him which I have before me, a specimen quite typical of the sort which are becoming ubiquitous, his non-dramatic writings receive only this comment: "When he happens to feel like writing a little tale, a prose vignette, he writes one, delicately cynical and sad; there are collections of them, and they are charming." That is all. But what else can one expect in this day of reverberant publicity for anything and everything of and for the theater, amid which "pure literature" is lucky if she get in a word edgewise and scarce expecting it to be heard? Yet that "still, small voice"—what a carrying power it has and how often, after the clamor and the shouting from the vicinity of the box-office and the press-agent have subsided, it makes itself heard in words that are revelations.

Dunsany the tale-teller antedates Dunsany the dramatist, for his first volume of *contes*, "*The Gods of Pegana*," appeared in 1905 ("It passed almost unperceived," remarks Mr. Boyd, "amidst the more avowedly Celtic literature of the moment") while the first drama, "*The Glittering Gate*," did not reach production until 1911. The initial volume of the dramas, "*Five Plays*," bears date of 1914, previous to which five different volumes of the tales had been published. To these a sixth has just been added, "*The Last Book of Wonder*." Before their publication in book form the majority of these tales had been printed in various Irish and English magazines and it is stated that quite a number are still uncollected. The six volumes, however, have just been brought out, in uniform style, by John W. Luce & Co., of Boston. They are truly beautiful books, of superb typography and original and distinctive format and binding, while the illustrations of S. H. Sime add to their desirability. And their publication signalizes the fact that Mr. Boyd's dictum is aging and that the teller of tales is coming into his own.

I may, however, remark that Lord Dunsany was really discovered to American readers by Mr. Reedy, who began reprinting in the *MIRROR* divers of his tales as they appeared in the oversea reviews and at a time when he was without *réclame* at home and was absolutely unknown in this country—which is only another instance of the indebtedness of the *MIRROR's* readers to the percipience of its editor for making them accomplices before the fact in matters of literary pith and moment.

In such comment and criticism as Lord Dunsany's tales have thus far elicited there is much uniformity of opinion expressed. They are compared to Poe's "*Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*," to Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "*Contes Cruels*," to E. T. A. Hoffman, to Jean Paul, and to Ambrose Bierce. These comparisons, of course, carry their own implications. The analysts call attention to the fact that the literary taste of Lord Dunsany, as a child and as a boy, was largely formed by the reading of the Bible, of the tales of Grimm and of Hans Christian Andersen and the study of the Greek classics.



Which also carry their own implications. Lord Dunsany himself disdains analyses and explanations. In one of his letters he exclaims: "But in case I shall not be able to explain my work, I think the first thing to tell them (*i. e.*, the public) is that it does not need explanation. One does not explain a sunset nor does one need to explain a work of art. . . . the growing demand to be Told What It's All About before one can even enjoy, is becoming absurd." Again he asserts that his work is done rapidly, spontaneously and instinctively, and, he declares, "Instinct is swift and unconscious, while reason is plodding and slow, and comes up long afterward and explains things, but instinct does not stop for explanations. An artist's 'message' is from instinct to sympathy." He writes with a quill pen, strikes out a one-act play or a tale at a heat and revises nothing, for "Genius is in fact an infinite capacity for *not* taking pains."

Considering these things, is it not perhaps an impertinence to quest for "origins," to negotiate derivations and, in general, essay the task of disclosing What Makes the Wheels Go 'Round? Might we not better accept that general statement of Lafcadio Hearn in his chapter entitled, "The Supernatural in Fiction," in the second of those two precious posthumous volumes, "Interpretations of Literature," where he writes:

"No good writer—no great writer—ever makes a study of the supernatural according to anything which has been done before by other writers. This is one of those subjects upon which you cannot get real help from books. It is not from books, nor from traditions, nor from legends, nor from anything of that kind that you can learn how to give your reader a ghostly thrill. I do not mean that it is of no use for you to read what has been written upon the subject, so far as mere methods of expression, mere effects of literary workmanship, are concerned. On the contrary, it is very important that you should read all you can of what is good in literature upon these subjects; you will learn from them a great deal about curious values of words, about compactness and power of sentences, about peculiarities of beliefs and of terrors relating to those beliefs. But you must never try to use another man's ideas and feelings, taken from a book, in order to make a supernatural effect. If you do, the work will never be sincere, and will never make a thrill. You must use your own ideas and feelings only, under all possible circumstances. And where are you to get these ideas and feelings from, if you do not believe in ghosts? From your dreams. Whether you believe in ghosts or not, all the artistic elements of ghostly literature exist in your dreams, and form a veritable treasury of literary material for the man who knows how to use them. . . . All the great effects obtained by poets and story-writers, and even by religious teachers, in the treatment of supernatural fear or mystery, have been obtained, directly or indirectly, through dreams. . . . There can be no exception to this rule—absolutely none. . . . The terror of all great stories of the supernatural is really the terror of nightmare, projected into waking consciousness. And the beauty or tenderness of other ghost or fairy-stories, or even of certain famous and delightful religious legends, is the tenderness and beauty of dreams of a happier kind, dreams inspired by love, or hope, or regret. But in all cases where the supernatural is well treated in literature, dream experience is the source of the treatment."

Now, this might almost have been written by Lord Dunsany himself, supposing that he had condescended to offer us an *apologia* for his literary life or creations. If not explicit, it is implicit in the entire body of his work—for both his tales and his plays are woven, warp and woof, from the same materials and upon the same loom, with a complete similarity of dye and of design. And at times the implicit becomes explicit. He formally entitled one of his volumes, "A Dreamer's Tales." He prefaces another with the declaration that "These tales are of the things that befell gods and men in Yarnith, Averon and Zarkhandu, and in the other countries of my dreams." The first collection he introduced with these words: "There he islands in the Central Sea, whose waters are bounded by no shore and where no ships come—this is the faith of their people." Of still another he says that "We have

new worlds here"—dream-worlds, of course, for to us there can be no other. And he concludes one of the very few critical articles that he has published with these significant sentences:

"For fancy is quite as real as more solid things and every bit as necessary to man. A fancy of some sort is the mainspring and end of every human ambition, and a writer who turns away from conventions and problems to build with no other bricks than fancy and beauty is doing no trivial work, his raw material is the dreams, and whims, and shadowy impulses in the soul of man, out of which all else ariseth."



If we will bear these things in mind we will perceive, very clearly, why the tales of Lord Dunsany, when first they began to appear ("The Gods of Pegana," it is said, was first published at the author's expense, as well as its successor, "Time and the Gods") "passed almost unperceived amidst the more avowedly Celtic literature of the moment." Lord Dunsany is too much the creator to consent to dream at second-hand. With his dreaminess he combines a very shrewd wit and a very clear judgment and they warned him that the Celtic Renaissance was becoming somewhat too much pre-occupied with Deirdre and the Sons of Usna, with Cuchulain and Finn, with the Red Branch and the Fomorians and Ultonians and Emain Macha and Queen Maeve and all the rest of that enthralling lore; while in a modern sense he discerned that it was perhaps too determinedly nationalistic in its aims and methods. So he turned deliberately away from everything Celtic and created new dream-worlds of his own, inventing, as he went along, their cosmogonies and hierarchies, their demigods, their heroes and their humans—if we can with propriety use the last term for races of beings really not human at all save in a conventional sense; which is the only conventional thing of which thus far their creator has been guilty.

In one way only did he betray himself. Lord Dunsany, like the rest of the Celts, believes in the fairies and his work is full of them. They are not the traditional "little people," having suffered a sea change into something veritably rich and strange, yet we cannot for a moment mistake their identity. And what could be more Celtic than his asseveration that "Human happiness is nothing more than a fairy ring of human sentiments dancing in the moonlight?" Thus while so deliberately he turns his back upon Inisfail, he remains truly a Celt, an Irish Celt. Indeed, it may be maintained beyond contradiction that nobody but an Irishman could ever have written his tales or plays. There is only one other country out of which imaginably they might have come, and that is France, but again from there they never could have come because of the almost utter absence of sex either in their motivation or their working out, and there the *esprit Gaulois* can never succeed in self-suppression. In this respect they are near to Poe, and as in fact they out-Poe him, for the lack of "passion" for which Poe will be perennially reproached Dunsany is similarly being faulted. In these reproaches even his ardent admirers have joined, seemingly oblivious of their own fatuity. For literature has become such a reek of sex that for a man to forswear it and, nathless, by his work proclaim himself a creative literary artist second to none now living who composes in our language, is to achieve a triumph unique and unprecedented—one in its way even greater than Poe's. Which causes the thought to obtrude: Will Dunsany, harkening to the sexophils, descend from the realms which he has created to wallow in the mire which they inhabit, merely in order to show that "he can do it?" Such an event is indeed to be dreaded! Let us invoke the Gods of Pegana, yea, and Time, their servitor and master, to prevent! I like to believe that Lord Dunsany's artistic rectitude will preserve him from so hideous a mistake, one so destructive of all that to-day he stands for, so shattering of the world which, with such necromantic art, he has created and set before us.



Such an act is all the more to be dreaded because while preserving his necromantic art, the later tales of Lord Dunsany, it must be owned, exhibit something trenching upon the *facilis descensus*. This began with his third volume, "The Sword of Welleran." In the first two, "Pegana" and "Time and the Gods," he remained entirely in the new worlds of his creation. In "Welleran" for the first time he began to seek our own—for the purpose of transforming it according to his dreams and whims, to be sure, yet also for the purpose of directing his inventiveness into lower paths. This propensity has continued to develop and in his last volume, "The New Book of Wonder," while we find there single pieces which almost equal anything that he has produced, the majority of its pages are monopolized less by wonder than by whimsy, by fantasy, and by burlesquerie. I hasten to add that this is the most delectable and irresistible stuff of its *genre* that I know of, quite diabolically so, in truth. Yet at times it is almost too clever and it is distinctively a lower form of art than the other. Still, I would not slur the fact that it will do much more to make Dunsany widely read and gain him the ear of the populace. There are thousands of readers capable of reacting to, let us say, "The Three Infernal Jokes," where there are hundreds capable of as fully reacting to "The Cave of Kai." At the same time I am so perverse as to affirm that having read "The Three Infernal Jokes," it remains an oasis around which my memory lingers.

Just what "catches" a host of people who otherwise would remain oblivious of his existence, is the extraordinary blend of imagination and humor, of dream and mordant satire, of ecstasy and irony, which Lord Dunsany has brewed for us. This he cannot decant with more *diablerie* than he has in that extraordinary narrative, "The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap." Here we behold the spectacle of Dunsany, with astonishing directness of intent, burlesquing himself. He erects a magnificent edifice of dream which he saps by a skillfully constructed subterranean mine of profoundly ironic explosiveness, and when, in the last paragraph, he treats us to the explosion, he comes very near wrecking the entire world which elsewhere he has created. As the nearest parallel to this daring procedure one recalls Swinburne's burlesque of himself in "The Heptalogia"—whose like perhaps many other great poets might have perpetrated but none has ever gone so far as to make public (Rossetti at one time amused himself by intensely humorous parodies of some of the most passionate sonnets in "The House of Life," but they were circulated only among a few members of his "circle" and then destroyed). But Dunsany has carried the joke much farther than did Swinburne. It is even to be doubted if he has not carried it a bit too far—but that, of course, is for Dunsany himself, and, perhaps, for Time (if we are to believe his Lordship, Time is both tricky and vengeful!) to decide. It would be a misfortune, however, if the public, reading too crassly between the lines, should come eventually to regard Dunsany as only a sort of superior (or super-) "bug." It would also be unfortunate if, taking literally his confession: "Once I found out the secret of the universe. I have forgotten what it was, but I know that the Creator does not take Creation seriously, for I remember that He sat in Space with all His work in front of Him and laughed," the public should decide merely to laugh at him and to forget him.

"Literature," according to William Butler Yeats, "dwindles to a mere chronicle of circumstance, or passionless phantasies and passionless meditations, unless it is constantly flooded with the passions and beliefs of ancient times." Lord Dunsany has observed this formula—or, if you choose, conviction—and has set himself to exceed it by localizing his passions and beliefs in a realm which he has willfully made anterior even to antiquity. And when for purposes of whim or irony or burlesque he enters the modern world, he will invest it with the atmosphere of what



he himself has imagined this timeless Nomansland to be. We cannot, nevertheless, disregard the condition that it is "out of the mysterious East" and its more than immemorial Fabulous that he has developed his universe and that there, as a literary artist, he has his roots. Perpetually he is yearning toward it. "I find," he says, "my way by strange means back to those hazy fields that poets know, wherein stand small mysterious cottages through whose windows, looking westwards, you may see the fields of men, and looking eastwards see the glittering elfin mountains, tipped with snow, going range on range into the region of Myth, and beyond it into the kingdom of Fantasy, which pertain to the Lands of Dream." Even when he walks down Piccadilly, turning to the East he beholds those things of which he weaves a marvelous tale, but on the west side of the street there is nothing to be seen but the houses! And so is it always with him. He looks toward the East and dreams and in his dreams he dwells always upon the mountains. Enthroned upon their peaks abide his gods, upward toward them the inhabitants of his dream-world toil and aspire and down from them descends doom in an infinity of terrible and ghostly shapes to overwhelm the peoples of the plains. Those of this dream-cities which are most enduring are perched upon towering cliffs or inaccessible steepes, while those which have been builded in the lowlands are visited by sudden and terrible destruction or else slowly, surely disintegrate beneath the obliterating touch of Time. All is vanity, repeateth our preacher, but above that vanity are lifted up the mountains with their gods upon them—their gods which at last Time, after serving, shall slay. Alas, it is true—this dreamer dreams not of life or of love, but of death, even the death of the gods. They are wondrous dreams—but let us be glad that they are only that.

I have no intention of taking any of them apart and putting it together again. I leave that to the laboratorians and vivisectionists and others who prefer the moth and the butterfly mounted upon pins and carefully classified in glass cases within dim-lit museums, to those flying in dizzy spirals with the sun's iridescence dazzling upon their Psyche-wings. Yet before leaving Lord Dunsany I wish to call attention to the singular lack of nebulousity, of vagueness, which characterizes both his dreams and the manner of their telling. There is a passage in "Modern Painters" where Ruskin, speaking of the piercing clearness with which the greatest of all visionaries beheld his dream-world, says:

"For instance, Dante's centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his arrow before he can speak, is a thing no mortal would ever have thought of, if he had not actually seen the centaur do it. They might have composed handsome bodies of men and horses in all possible ways, through a whole life of pseudo-idealism, and yet never dreamed of any such thing. But the real living centaur actually trotted across Dante's brain, and he saw him do it."

We may, in like manner say of Lord Dunsany, that everything which he has related he has actually seen, with that same clearness of vision, as of reality itself. An infinitude of instances might be quoted, but I will allow myself only this one—I transcribe it from "The Idle City," in "A Dreamer's Tales:"

And at once the destroying angel put his hand to his sword, and the sword came out of the scabbard with a deep breath, like to the breath that a broad woodman takes before his first blow at some giant oak. Thereat the angel pointed his arms downwards, and bending his head between them, fell forward from heaven's edge, and the spring of his ankles shot him downwards with his wings furred behind him. So he went slanting earthward through the evening with his sword stretched out before him, and he was like a javelin that some hunter hath hurled that returneth again to the earth: but just before he touched it he lifted his head and spread his wings with the under feathers forward, and lighted by the bank of the broad Flavro that divides the city of Nombros. And down the bank of the Flavro he fluttered low, like to a hawk over a new-cut cornfield when the little creatures of the corn are shelterless, and at the

same time down on the other bank the Death from the gods went mowing.

Outside the Bible, the Greeks, Dante and Milton, what surpasses this as a tremendous evocation of the imaginative vision? We may aver of Dunsany that, even as Dante's centaur "actually trotted across his brain," so he saw this terrible destroying angel shoot downward from the zenith and hover with unsheathed sword above the cowering creatures of earth—saw him so clearly that he has recorded for us the exact manner of his doing it in terms of a vividness so startling that their mere reading takes our breath away. Can literary grandeur go farther? It may well be doubted, save in the very highest of its flights.

It requires only a superficial acquaintance with him to learn that Lord Dunsany has nothing left to learn of those "curious values of words," of that "compactness and power of sentences," to which Lafcadio Hearn refers as a necessary part of the equipment of the great masters of the supernatural in literature. Here his virtuosity is absolute and this it is which enables him, while describing his dreams with a precision putting Imagism to the blush, at the same time to strew his pages with sentences, paragraphs and passages of the most pregnant suggestiveness, as a king limitless of wealth might strew gems and gold carelessly along his path. I cannot resist the temptation to quote a few of these from a multitude, merely as illustrative.

"There is a tread that troubleth the grass and a tread that troubleth it not, and each man in his own heart knoweth which tread he hath." . . . "I met a huge grey shape that was the Spirit of some great people, perhaps of a whole star, and I besought It to show me my way home, and It halted beside me like a sudden wind, and pointed. . . ." "And they begged gracefully, as gods might beg for souls. . . ." "For long they had passed by great oaks standing solitary here and there, like giants taking huge breaths of the night air before doing some furious deed." . . . There are amazing effects of contrast attained by the simplest means, as when, speaking of spring in London he says that "the country places lift their flowery heads and call to one with an urgent, masterful clearness, upland behind upland in the twilight like to some heavenly choir arising rank on rank to call a drunkard from his gambling-hell." But I must not allow myself to go on or I will never have done. Let me conclude, therefore, with a passage which, for verbal magic and for purest poetry, has, I think, no reason to fear comparison with anything that has been written in our time, perhaps in any:

"They came at last to a clear space in the forest just before nightfall. An odor of flowers arose from it like a mist, and every drop of dew interpreted heaven unto itself.

"It was the hour when twilight kisses Earth. "It was the hour when a meaning comes into senseless things, and trees outmajesty the pomp of monarchs, and the timid creatures steal forth to feed, and as yet the beasts of prey harmlessly dream, and Earth utters a sigh, and it is night."

♦♦♦♦

## Gold Tooth

By Harry B. Kennon

ONE morning, in April, when the icy wind blowing off Lake Michigan made body warmth next to impossible no matter how one happened to be clothed, business took me into what is known in Chicago as the "black belt," a district not likely to be acceptable to any overnice as to morals or cleanliness. It was not the kind of day for many of the negroes crowded there to be on the streets, but enough were in evidence to make me wonder how they managed to exist in the obviously insanitary quarter in which they herded. That thousands more were being brought in from the south to supply the labor deficiency caused by slackened immigration due to the war, raised a question as to whether this labor would not be more valuable to the country in

the South where it was as badly needed than in Chicago; and another question, by no means confined to labor or the "belt:" The question of health. The dangerous district threatened the health of the whole city. It was something serious to think about. . . .

"Boss! Say, boss!"

I turned at the insistent call to look into the face of Gold-tooth John Bradshaw.

I had last seen the negro standing in a Texas cotton field, under an August sky, surrounded by his family of both sexes and assorted sizes that showed in the white patch like blackberries. Smaller fry I had seen up at the cabin with the dogs, chickens and pigs, all happy in the sun-baked, grassless yard. "All these yours, John?" I asked.

"They is," answered John's wife. "An' they ain' goin' to be no moh."

Bradshaw grinned, showing the gold-covered gums that gave him his nickname in the community. Much cotton must have been picked to pay for the disfigurement. The dentist had done a thorough job. Not a white tooth showed in the man's mouth.

"How many children have you?" I asked.

"A even dozen," answered John.

"Where in the world do you keep them all?" I pursued, thinking of the one-room and lean-to cabin I had passed.

"Lots o' room in Texas," laughed Gold-tooth. "When it's wahm, like now, we sleeps outdoahs. When it's cole, closer we gits the wahmer. Ain' cole much."

He was tall, Texas built, and looked young to have fathered so many. I asked his age. He said he might be forty, maybe more. It is difficult to tell a negro's age, but Bradshaw could not have been fifty. My business with him informed me that he could neither read nor write. I inquired the age of his oldest child.

"Thaih he is," said John, pointing to a cotton picker. "Come heah, Si! He ain' free yet," explained the father. "He's no 'count enough to act like he is."

Si, whose physical development declared him not far from the age of twenty-one that spells freedom for Texas boys, dropped his cotton sack and came forward. "No, I ain' free," he said. "They ain' no bein' free heah whaih thaih's no money. Soon's we sell, an' I gits what's comin' foh holpin' make crop, I'm goin' whaiah that white man said yestehdeh."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Up no'th."

"Is yuh?" demanded Gold-tooth.

"I is," answered Si, defiantly.

"Cotton ain' sole till it's picked, nigger," remarked Bradshaw.

Si gave his father a surly glance and went back to his picking.

I had seen labor agents in the Louisiana and Texas towns and had heard them persuading the negroes, but this was my first experience of their activity on the farms. Si would probably go; but Gold-tooth, with his reputation of being one of the best farmers in the county, though only a renter, would be a hard man to lure away. Nobody could blame Si.

To understand what such a reputation as Gold-tooth enjoyed means one must have lived in the cotton country. It means just this. Bradshaw is a man who works early and late to make crop enough to pay his rent and get credit from his furnisher, generally his landlord, for farm necessities and sufficient coarse food and clothing to supply the bare needs of himself and family. His having a large family is an asset to his landlord. Whether cotton sells for ten or twenty cents he is generally in debt to the store at settlement time. It makes no difference whether the farmer be black or white, that is the system. It may be worse in some sections of the cotton lands than in others, and in some it may be better; it is almost universal. John Bradshaw had grown up under it. He seemed contented and happy. All of his family seemed happy, except Si. "Yes, Si would go, but not Gold-tooth."



And here stood John Bradshaw before me, showing his gold gums in a pitiful grin for recognition, and shivering in the east wind. I thought of the gracious climate he had left.

"Boss," he said, after I had expressed my surprise and welcome, "boss, I needs a fren'—bad."

Of course, I thought he wanted money. We all do. But no:

"I ain' got a white man I can tuh'n to in this cole town, boss. Ain' one ain' beat me sence I come heah. I wants you to write me a letter, boss."

"All right, John. What do you want me to say? Maybe we'd better go into this saloon out of the wind."

"I ain' askin' yuh foh a drink, boss."

No money would have tempted me to drink stuff served in the place, and I said so. We took seats in the rear. "Now," I said, "fire away, John. Who do you want me to write to?"

"Robert Gahdner, boss; preachah Bob."

"The Bob Gardener that was arrested when I was in Bee City?" I asked.

"Bob nevah stole them silk shirts, boss. He jus' bah'd 'em to waiah to the rally."

"How about the whiskey, Gold-tooth?"

"Cose Bob could'n' give the whiskey back, boss." Bradshaw showed his whole gold mine.

"All right. Guess he couldn't. What shall I write the Reverend Robert?"

"Bob gits roun' an' sees all us niggers, an' Si—"

"So Si didn't come north, then?"

"He ain' free 'til nex' fall. He an' the old 'oman's wuhkin' the place. I come, thinkin' I'd sen' foh 'em. You tell Bob, boss—"

"Yes, John."

"Tell him, please sah, to tell every nigger, an' Si, roun' Bee, to stay in Texas. Tell him if he comes up heah he'll strike starvation, suah."

"Hold on, Gold-tooth," I interrupted. "Hold on. There's plenty of work."

"Yes, boss," agreed Bradshaw, "an' moh'n plenty. These folks wuhkin' to make wuhk. It's all wuhk, an' I ain' lazy. Wuhkin' in the stock yahds ain' wuhkin' a fahm. Wuhkin' ain' bein' druv."

I could realize that a man who had enjoyed the freedom in work, and often from work, that the Southern negro enjoys would be galled by the discipline and unceasing grind of the stock yards. But I said nothing about that. I suggested, instead, that the pay was better than at home.

Gold-tooth handed me a bit of philosophy. "Yoh pay ain' what yuh gits," he said, "but what it gits yuh. When that white man told me I'd make seventy-five dollahs, an' maybe moh, a month, an' pay my way heah, I'se obliged to come an' see if what he say's so. I ain' nevah had seventy-five dollahs all lone by itse'f in my han's in Texas, boss—an' I ain' nevah had it heah."

"How's that? What do you do with your money?"

"I eats it, boss, an' I waiahs it on my back, an' pays rent—an' when the week's gone my money's gone. Yuh cain't do with no shoes but town shoes heah, an' yuh cain't make a paih ovahalls an' shirt las' yuh foh close. Yuh got to eat to keep goin' an' yuh got to have a hole to sleep. An' yuh cain't wuhk in them stinks steady, boss—it's killin'. Yuh gits seek an' yuh has to lay off, an' yoh pay stops. An' when yuh am sick—"

"Been sick much?" I asked.

"Off'n on, boss." He laid his hand on his chest. "This aiah strikes me heah," he complained, "an' I cain't wuhk. An' I cain't res'. My sleepin' hole's bad as my job. I ain's bad off as some."

Here was the question I had been pondering, so I asked: "Much of that kind of thing among the negroes, John?"

"Yes, boss—special the new ones."

"How long have you been in Chicago?"

"Come in December when I could bes' leave Si to manage. He's hoein' to plant now," Gold-tooth answered wistfully.

So he had experienced the worst months of the Chicago year. Manifestly they had weakened him. "Did many come up with you?" I asked.

"Train-load," was the reply, followed by: "An' moh an' moh comin' to thaih death every day. They cain't stan' the cole an' crowdin', boss, an' they cain't stan' the onfeelin'."

"Unfeeling?"

"You know how 'tis down home, boss," explained Gold-tooth. "Ain' no rich niggers roun' Bee; an' ain' no stahvin'. Bee niggers holps niggers out in a pinch. An' no white man down thaih's goin' see no nigger stahve. Niggers up heah wuhks or stahves. You tell Bob tell Si what I say. These noth'n niggers ain' niggers no moh—an' they ain' white. They jus' weevils. An' it don' come home-like to whiite men heah to know nigger's troubles. They cain't help not onderstandin'. They ain' ouah folks. Yuh reckon yuh can tell Bob all what I say?"

"Try to, John."

"An' tell him, please sah, to tell Si, Gold-tooth's comin' home whaiah thaih's room to spread an' breathe soon's I save railroad money. Tell him to tell Si to make ouah crop or I'll take it out of his hide. He ain' free, yet."

♦♦♦♦

## The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

IX. WHY GELLIUS TOOK OUT HIS TABLETS.

WHEN Favorinus and Aulus Gellius met, it may have been in the Roman Forum on the day the news came that after crossing the Danube and sweeping everything before them in Pannonia, the Quadi and Marcomanni were marching into Italy. Probably it was earlier. Something worse may have been occurring. If so, it was not to make a memorandum of it that Gellius took out his tablets after leaving Favorinus. Probably no other lawyer who frequented the Forum used his tablets for memoranda as often as Gellius did, but it was never to record the business of the city in the law courts or the beginnings of events through which the Roman empire was to fall in ruins after the loss of every Roman virtue had sunk its learning and *Kultur* below the lowest level of the fierce barbarians of the north. No doubt Favorinus and Gellius might have known as much of the meaning and results of political corruption and moral rottenness as any two men could know, when they met on the day that Gellius got out his tablets to set down a report he had from Favorinus. But as far as we know, they talked about something else.

Whether it was better worth recording than anything in political history then or since, those who have sound judgments may judge for themselves. What Favorinus said that Gellius set down, was that he once heard a man who could think, say in Greek that after learning what is worse, foulest and most atrocious in the world, you can look for the cause of it in one or the other or both of two things—incontinence and intolerance. Also the same man said that incontinence is the refusal to hold in and suppress our own worst, as intolerance is our refusal to put up with, in other people, the worst we indulge in ourselves. This is the substance of it as Favorinus reported it, and before Gellius left him he added that Epictetus had said also that if we wish to keep out of the worst possible, we must always have in mind two words. They were Greek. The English words which come nearest to serving the same purpose are: "Hold in and hold off."

When the worst came to the worst, the remarkable thing is that this memorandum made by Gellius survived the Roman empire and a score of others. So there must be something in it that reaches towards the center of things, where the Barbarians of the North in that day thought the Norns keep the well of Mimir at the roots of the ash tree Yggdrasil.

Another remarkable thing appears when we learn from the encyclopedias that Gellius was not a great man or a great writer, but a sort of learned trifler, who after making memoranda of a great variety of things which interested him, put them together incoherently in a book he called his "Attic Nights." Beyond this, which is remarkable enough, is the unaccountable fact that in making up this commonplace book from memoranda of what he had heard or read, he was sitting in the seat of doom at the last judgment on scores of second-rate geniuses whom others then thought immortal and so greatly superior to him that his name was not fit to be mentioned with theirs. When all that survives of these geniuses now is a line here and there he thought worth copying for his "Attic Nights," this may be enough to excite keen regret in some that the rest is lost. But the loss is hopeless. All that Gellius did not quote from these high-browed supermen and second-class half-gods was condemned beyond recall, beyond appeal, to everlasting death. What he did quote is enough for me. He agreed with the encyclopedias in not thinking himself a high-browed half-god. When he is most inconsequential in his "Attic Nights," I like him best and where his critics say his Latin is worst, it is good enough for me. He did not think it his affair to condemn but to save, and all he could get on his tablets of what he liked best in life and libraries, he saved from the everlasting death which was about to overwhelm most of those he thought his intellectual superiors. One of these was his friend Favorinus. He thought Favorinus a great philosopher. All we know of his greatness now is that he once used his ears to listen and learn when a man who had thought was saying what he thought. And for that, his memory may outlast all empires until the time comes when "*anechou kai apechou*" may become part of the life of a world which has "come to its senses."

♦♦♦♦

## Cross Section

By Murdock Pemberton

IT was one of those fine houses on Fifth. At the head of ten steps was a gold door, Or some metal that shone as gold In the sun, soon setting. Every window had a flower box Glutted with pink geraniums and white daisies.

What was transpiring within the house Perhaps was no great secret To the home-going tradespeople on the 'bus. They had read all about rich men's lives In their Sunday papers, And had seen the inside of such homes (Or so they believed) In the movies. But what they saw without Stirred them deeply: A tramp, disheveled, unkempt, unshaven, red-eyed, Sitting on the steps with legs crossed, Calmly smoked the snipe of a cigar, His demeanor easily intimidating— If there were any to doubt it— That he was master of the mansion behind him.

They were all good middle-class souls on the 'bus, Themselves working for such an overlord As lived in this shining castle. Of course they all knew there was no caste In a democracy. But they also knew desecration: And they shuddered, Wondering where on earth the police were, Or the butler. Outraged *bourgeoisie*, Whimsical tramp, And unseen castle-dweller, Which of you holds the key To our loved democracy?

## Letters From the People

A Prophecy by Oscar Wilde

Point Loma, Cal., May 5.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

There is much talk of democracy as the outcome of the war—democracy not alone in Germany, but in England as well. I would recall to you a prophecy in this connection. It is in that splendidly moving poem by Oscar Wilde—"Ave Imperatrix!" After the poet has celebrated the English dead in battle all over the world, in the upbuilding of the empire, he cries "Is this the end? Is this the end?" Then:—

Peace, Peace! We wrong the noble dead  
To vex their solemn slumber so;  
Though childless and with thorn-  
crowned heads,  
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun  
Her watchmen shall descry from far  
The young Republic like a sun  
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

GORIAN DRAY.

### Why Balfour?

St. Louis, May 4, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Why, in the early days of our war, when a revulsion of feeling after the intense national stress of the final weeks of peace was so easily possible, was Balfour sent over as the head of the British Commission?

Until we have more information about his mission or its purpose has developed further, we can only conjecture. In the choice of the military members of her commission, France admittedly had a great advantage over England, most of whose generals in important command have either proven failures in a more or less definite sense or are still undergoing test. France was fortunate in that she had the hero of the Marne and that for the time being, anyway, he was footloose. No selection could have been happier.

But in the choice of the civilian members, the British had the same advantage that rested with the French in the choice of military members. The British isles are full of men, public men whose careers are favorably known to Americans, who are linked by act or utterance with the ideals and sympathies of our people.

In a searching analysis of Balfour's life, the *New York World* could find but one circumstance that seemed to commend him in any way to Americans. This was the circumstance that at the time of the now almost forgotten Venezuelan incident, he opposed war with the United States, just as most Britishers opposed it. But if such a consideration should control, no living Englishman could be conceded the qualifications of Mr. Balfour's late uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, the most perfect representative of British Junkerism whom the generation just past presented. As, since his lamented relative's death, Mr. Balfour is himself the most perfect surviving representative of that class, we may remember that British Junkerism corresponds exactly to the German Junkerism which we are fighting, rather than the German people.

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Mr. Balfour is detested by the Irish of two continents and distrusted by the common people of his own country and true democrats elsewhere. He is the sole survivor of the five men who must bear in history the chief responsibility for the destruction of the liberty-loving Boer republics of South Africa. He has a long office-holding record in a time when great movements for democratizing England have impended. He has not only been unallied with any of these movements, but has been fiercely opposed to all. He is in office only because the party to which he belongs, repudiated by the people, played a hold-up game to force a coalition cabinet. He is a man of education and literary attainments, but his works will be searched in vain for any expression of sympathy for popular rule that rings true.

If it was thought desirable to include a British cabinet officer among the commissioners, why the foreign secretary? In more than a century there has never been a time when the relations of America and England were less in



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need of a foreign office official. France picked an ex-premier, Viviani, who since his fall has held a portfolio much subordinated by the war. Why did not England send Asquith or Grey or any one of a dozen of other Englishmen whose records endear them to Americans?

Probably an explanation in part is found in the fact that the significance of the United States' entrance into the war is totally misapprehended in England. We got into the fight for certain definite reasons of our own—a reason totally dissociated with those that caused Europe to start the war. With the other enemies of Germany we wish the fullest and most effective co-operation for military ends, but we want no co-operation for any other

ends. We share with England nothing that we did not share before, except the desire to win the war. She is the same to us as she ever was—nothing more. Her long list of offenses is not forgotten, only subordinated.

But that the British have an entirely different view of the thing, unnumbered utterances show. "The two nations can never be divided again," says Hall Caine, the novelist. They are just as much divided now as they ever were and that they may always be divided is something we should pray for as fervently as we pray for the German defeat. Caine actually got sloppy as he talked of us being united with the Britishers "in aim, in hope, in might and in glory," and he has the impudence to add this: "There has been a marriage between them which



only one judge can dissolve and the name of that judge is death."

Among other immortal gems is this one, contributed by Premier Borden, of Canada, who is now in England "It has been wittily said that the United States is to be regarded as a monarchy under an elective king and the British Empire as a republic under a hereditary king."

Note that, of this stupid, inexcusable falsehood, than which few statements could be more offensive to true Americanism, the premier remarks that it was "wittily said."

In these and other expressions the Britishers did not mean to be obnoxious. They actually thought they were complimenting us. They believed that 1917 had made up for 1776; that the British prestige destroyed on this continent in 1783 had been regained. In some vague way they imagined that the delegation coming over here was to take possession of the lost colonies. The Sunday when the first batch of rejoicing Britishers crossed from Canada over the state line of Maine went down as a red letter day in British annals.

Promotion of some subtle plan of their own may have caused the British to select a man of the Balfour type, but it is more probable that the destroyer of republics came because he himself wanted to come. We can imagine the rush in London to get in on the pleasant excursion that was to celebrate the constructive repeal of the Declaration of Independence. After one shipload of a score of principals with aides, secretaries, lackeys, servants had arrived, the country was amazed to learn of the coming of a second shipload with a dozen more principals and numerous attaches.

So Washington is swarming with patronizing Britishers who give orders to our officials as to what they should do, retail information on military technique they have learned from the French and generally conduct themselves as if they were at the capital of Canada or Australia. Delightful spectacle! And only because British crimes at sea were surpassed, not in kind but degree, by German crimes, we would now be at war with London instead of Berlin.

Congress properly passed the draft bill because the commander-in-chief asked for it. But while it was still a subject of bitter controversy, Gen. Bridges, whom nobody ever heard of before, but who, it seems, is easily spared from the firing line, issued a statement to the press instructing congress as to its duty. The greatest fanaticism for the draft bill cannot condone the gross impropriety, the outrageous indecency of the effrontery. If the people are saying little about the insolence, it is not because they have failed to note it. They are quietly observing the contrast at every point with the small but distinguished French delegation, deferential and courteous.

Congress turned over to the administration the \$3,000,000,000 credit for the Allies without stipulations as to its distribution. It was an ill-advised thing that never should be repeated, but nobody was left in the slightest doubt as to the intent. It was to help stricken France, bankrupt Russia, the smaller

allies. The idea farthest from any American's thought was that any part of it should be used to help out the enormously rich land-holders of England, not an inch of whose territory has been overrun. We were doing enough in relieving these land-owners of the future burden of the smaller allies.

But what happened? With indelicate haste the British commission got here four days in advance of the French commission. Hours before a single one of the French delegation had set foot on our shores, the Britishers had grabbed off \$200,000,000 of the "loan." Of course, only a negligible fraction of the \$3,000,000,000 will ever come back to us. Our total of war costs will be so much less than that of the others, that we can never ask for the return of the money.

The slightest hint from the powers-that-be at Washington as to the personnel and conduct of the British commission would have commanded abject obedience. In the obvious absence of any such advance hint or of any check of reproof later, the coming of the commission is attended with painful details entitling the incident to be judged the greatest political blunder of a quarter of a century. However, political blunders may be often committed with impunity in time of war. Will this one be remembered and penalized when peace comes?

S. T. S.

♦♦♦

## Brothers in Affliction

*In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.*

An old man sat looking over the Bosphorus from the upper chambers in a crumbling palace beside the shore. He was a small man, and his little body had shrunk together like a starveling bird's. His short beard was white, except where it was dyed a brownish-red in patches, and the deep-set eye, from each side of the eagle nose, looked out upon the scene with the mournful vacancy of indifference. He wore the fez, and his plain black coat, reaching below the knees, was tightly buttoned close up to the throat. A single emerald gleamed on the thumb of his left hand.

It was evening, and he gazed down the course of the deep-flowing channel into the sunset of a quiet day in March. Faintly grey and lilac against the dying light, a few thin lines were visible far away upon the opposite coast, like unlit candles before a fire. They were the minarets of Stamboul, and gazing at them, the old man remained long silent and motionless. Upon the very edge of a wooden chair not far apart, a jester sat with bowed head, eyes fixed on the ground, hands laid flat across his chest, and awaited the befitting time to speak.

"It is getting long ago," said the old man at last, rousing himself with a deep-drawn breath, and lighting another cigarette.

On being addressed, the jester rose, touched his heart, mouth, and forehead quickly with his right hand in reverence, and said, "Time, your Majesty, is the dog which barks us all to hell."

But, as though suddenly correcting a familiar saying, he added, "But some, I suppose, he barks to paradise."

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"It is out of paradise that he has barked me," the old man remarked with a melancholy smile.

"Sire," replied the jester, seating himself upon the carpet at Abdul's feet, "there was once a great king who dwelt in a Tent of Stars. The tent stood upon a low hill, looking over sea and land, and in a setting of sea and land shone the fair jewel of all cities. Nay, the tent itself he had gradually adorned and extended till to strangers coming from the uttermost parts of the earth and peering through the gates it was revealed like the City of God. In the midst rose a marble palace containing chambers of every size, that looked to all points of heaven, and protected the majestical inmate from summer heat and

winter cold. A marble corridor led to a palace of equal splendor and vaster size, partitioned into a thousand halls and sleeping-rooms, the hope of children's children. There dwelt the earth's loveliest women, bright as constellations, and in such number that no man could tell their names or distinguish the beauty of one from another's; for every year the subject princes sent as a gift the fairest virgins of their land, if perchance they might find favor in the sight of the king. Gigantic eunuchs from Ethiopia watched over them, clad in purple uniforms bedizened with facings of solid gold; and for their service were employed young girls and grown women of every hue, carefully trained as slaves from early childhood in special arts,

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"Horses also the subject princes sent as gifts, and in long rows of marble stalls, two hundred noble steeds, each with an Arab keeper, impatiently neighed or champed the golden corn. Both palace and harem were crammed with the offerings of humility and admiration presented by Frankish potentates who vainly strove to rival the glory of the King. Here were instruments which, at the touch of a silver spring, drew pictures more closely counterfeiting reality than the art of the most cunning limner could contrive. Here were flower-shaped trumpets which, on the turning of a handle, reproduced the barbaric discords of occidental music as upon a

field of battle and here were clocks and watches, studded with diamonds, which the king could set to tell what time he pleased, indifferent to the sun. But the most flattering gift was offered by a Teutonic Emperor, who, with Imperial train of nobles, arrived to do obeisance. For in the midst of the great city's most beautiful square, he caused his country's cleverest architects to erect the finest fountain they could design as a memorial and a warning that the Infidel's most elaborated art must always appear monstrous in hideousness contrasted with the king's.

"Other noble buildings did the Tent of Stars contain within the circuit of its walls—an armory for the forging and adornment of beautiful swords and

guns, a workshop for the manufacture of the royal porcelain, and, besides, innumerable halls and ante-chambers where suppliants stood for months, and even years, humbly petitioning for peace, and daily fed by meals carried to them on separate trays by a thousand slaves from the king's own kitchen. Also around the gleaming palaces extended flowering gardens and grassy parks, where the king could ride his white Arab in any direction or in unending circles. There the king loved to watch the prismatic color on the necks of pigeons, and to feed the soft-nosed fallow deer from his hand. For, like God himself, the king was merciful, was compassionate."

"O my son, O joy of my Liver," sighed the old man, suddenly interrupting. "Remind me not of happiness."

"Nevertheless," continued the jester, "the King had little joy in all his splendor, nor did gifts or riches or even the tenderest woman bring relief to his incessant care. From dawn till evening he sat upon a silken divan, with trusted secretaries arranged around him, and controlled the welfare of fifty million souls. All day long and far into the darkness, the trembling strings of metal brought him news from every quarter of his boundless heritage. Petitions and complaints from suffering or disobedient subjects came; false accusations from distant senates, who took upon themselves the pride of rival kings; shameless demands from infidel ambassadors, who from the great city's very midst intrigued perpetually to tear his realm asunder. To all these troubles answer must be given. One enemy to the Believer's peace must be set against another, and upon the king's one head the cares of all the faithful world were gathered. Even the few moments of ease brought no pleasure. So bitter is the envious malignity of the wicked that continually they seek to destroy the just, whose life reproaches them, and for fear lest death should terminate the benefactions of his reign, the righteous king could eat only from sealed napkins, and must climb to sleep through a trapdoor in the ceiling, up which he dragged the ladder after him. Judge then, O Commander of the Faithful, whether your lot be not happy in comparison with that mighty king's. For he that is down no longer fears to fall."

There was a silence, and then the old man said, "O my soul, O my Lamb, your words are true. Even such was I in the days when God was with me. Why, then, did the Unbeliever exult at my ruin and shout at the triumph of godless apostates who called themselves the Young, proclaiming that their watchword was peace?"

"Has Enver peace? Has Talaat peace?" replied the jester. "Where is Albania now? and Monastir, and Salonika, and Drama, and Kavalla—where are they? Where is Trebizond and Erzeroum? Fluttering above the ancient city of the Khalifs an Infidel flag now defiles the wind."

"The world is full of strife," the old man continued: "From every side come rumors of war; and the clouds drop blood mingled with their rain. In the thirty years of my glory, for the cause of peace and justice, I brought to death

some 10,000 creeping or rebellious subjects of my own. For that exercise of Imperial right, the Infidels, greedy for my lands, called me the Red, the Unspeakable, the Damned. They spoke of my 'fell Satanic orgies.' They threatened to drive me, bag and baggage, back to Asia. Which of them now is so merciful as I was then? Which of them now has whiter hands?"

"Sire," replied the jester, "God is just as well as merciful. The Infidels are killing more of each other every week than you justly executed of your subjects in thirty years. I feel their souls whirring past me every hour, and at the next world's gate they crowd so thick that the angels cannot give them entrance or sort them out. Our Feast of Bairam is approaching—the Feast of Sacrifice to commemorate the willing offering of himself to death by Ishmael, father of all wandering Arabs—not of poor home-keeping Isaac, as the Hebrews falsely teach. And truly it is a great Feast of Sacrifice which the Infidels are now preparing for all their generations to come."

"Is, then, the Infidel's talk of love more deadly than Islam's sword?" asked the old man, bitterly.

"Sire," replied the jester, "as wise men say, the speaker is one, the listener is another. Not all men obey their Prophet as the Faithful obey ours."

"Tell me, my son," the old man said next, "since you echo for me the chatter of bazaars, of all my ancient enemies among whom for so many years I preserved peace, who stands, who falls, now that my restraining power is withdrawn? How fares the bitterest foe, whose spearpoint was ever feeling for a thrust against the City?"

"As the Lord said to the angels at the Creation," the jester replied, "I know what you do not."

"It is a dark saying!" cried the old man, eagerly.

"To the man of Russia, also, as to you at the Selamluk," said the jester, "dwarfs should have whispered, 'Be not too proud, my Padishah; there is One greater even than thou!'"

"Is it his Edjel? It is his appointed time?" whispered the old man, with increasing excitement.

"Not yet has the Cupbearer of the Sphere offered him the draft of darkness," replied the jester. "God in His infinite mercy grants him a season for repentance still. He shares the happy destiny of your Majesty, who needed no repentance, but in the pit of fortune the jackal is equal to the lion."

"Ten years ago," cried the old man, drawing up his minute and stooping figure with exultation; "Ten years ago I warned him his hour would surely come if he continued in his sins, for every soul shall taste of death. And now, before the end, his appointed hour has come, and in this present life he drains the bitterest cup—the cup of weakness following hard upon omnipotence."

"Forget not, Sire," said the jester. "Forget not in thy day of triumph that he is now no more than a brother in affliction."

Swaying his shrivelled old body in prayer, the old man chanted aloud, "I, Abdul Hamid, the meek in spirit, do hereby praise and glorify God, who is



the only God, in that, though late in time, He hath vouchsafed to my brother of Russia, as to my unworthy soul, a blessed time for peace and for repentance, because his sins are many."

"Master, thy word is law," said a middle-aged woman in salutation upon entering the room. Then she continued in quiet but determined tones, "I must put your Majesty to bed now, and have borrowed a rug from next door to protect your Majesty against the cold."—*From the London Nation.*

## Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

A number of interesting discoveries can be made in listening to a season of concerts in a large city like St. Louis, as practically all contemporary orchestral literature is presented to us by our local orchestra, and as visiting artists give us the most palatable fare on their concert programmes, we are in a pretty good position to draw comparisons. One of our first discoveries is the fact that the melodies of striking and characteristic physiognomy are few and far between, and that they resemble one another as human beings resemble one another. We discover that our so-called modern improvements, including the whole-tone scale of Debussy, were foreshadowed and employed in the works of Franz Liszt seventy years ago; that the sensuous beauty in the chromatic harmonies of the Russian school were the invention of the Polish pianist, Chopin, eighty years ago; and that the revival of the old French and Italian masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by Harold Bauer and Fritz Kreisler convince us once more that there is nothing new under the sun.

Mr. Zach made us acquainted with twelve interesting "first times." Of all of these compositions, the only one that presented a striking physiognomy was Grainger's "In a Nutshell" suite. By some considered a musical joke, by others a revolutionary work, it has the refreshing virtue of startling novelty and courageous manipulation of the orchestra. The entire first movement, "The Arrival-Platform Humlet," is written in monophonic form with scarcely a harmony note from beginning to end; and the "Pastorale" with its daring, free, harmonic treatment, is one of the loveliest bits of impressionism ever heard in the Odeon. Incidentally, Grainger is one of the few pianists who can infuse the warm blood of eternal youth into the "dry" music of Bach. Poor Bach and Brahms are still considered the mathematicians and it takes the intuition and sympathy of men like Bauer, Kreisler, Grainger, to convince us that here is music as fresh and beautiful as the sunlight on the mountain tops.

Another interesting work played in St. Louis for the first time was Kalinikow's Second Symphony in A. While presenting no original features, it nevertheless is a work of pure beauty grafted on the plaintive charm of the Russian folk song and dance. Walter Damrosch played his First Symphony in G Minor last year, and the work was repeated in Alton by Mr. Oberhoffer and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Among the soloists, chief interest seemed to center in Eugene Ysaye, who, although sixty years of age, gave us an exhibition of virtuosity and fiery musicianship which was inspiring. As a conductor, he revealed the possibilities of our organization in the hands of a leader of temperament and poetical tendencies.

One of the most hopeful signs of the musical times is the increasing number of choral organizations in our town. The Pageant Choral under Frederick Fischer, the Morning Choral and the Apollo under Charles Galloway, the Liederkrantz Chorus under Stamm, and the St. Louis Chor Verein, under Hugo Anschuetz, have given pleasure to thousands of people for whom the human voice is still the greatest musical instrument. The social significance of these choral bodies is one of their vital features, and I believe that in no other way, with the possible exception of practical experience in an orchestra, can a love and enthusiasm for music be so easily gained.

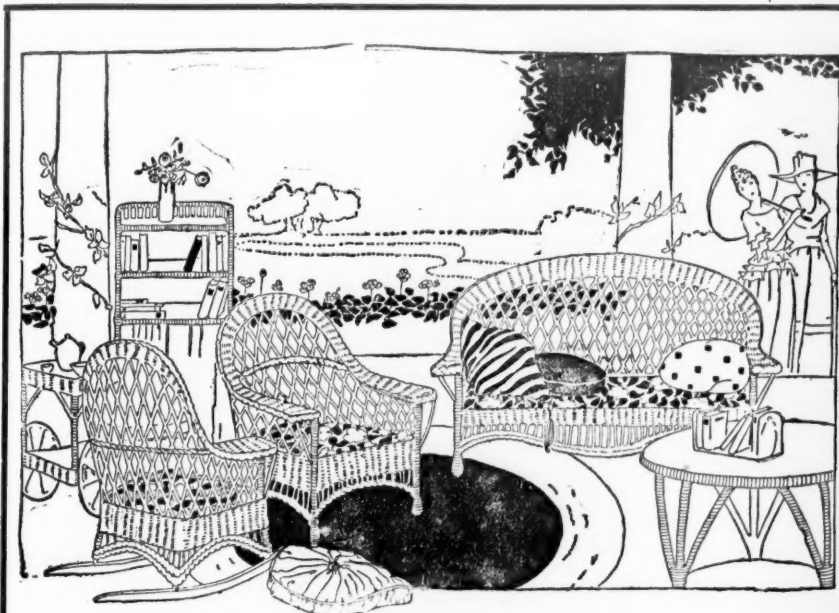
Even our suburbs are doing splendid work along this line, and on May 3rd the Chaminade Choral Club of Webster Groves, under Leo Miller, gave a concert which contained moments of great beauty. This chorus of ladies sang Carl Busch's "May," and Stanley Smith's "Summer Winds," displaying a freshness and beauty of tone, a lovely color contrast, as far as is possible in a woman's chorus, and a precision and attack most delightful.

I had the choice of going up to Ann Arbor last week to attend their May festival and to listen to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the now celebrated soprano Galli-Curci, or of going to Alton to attend the three concerts given under the auspices of the Dominant Ninth, Mrs. Roland's choral organization. I took the latter and did not regret my choice. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Emil Oberhoffer played the Kalinnikow Symphony in G Minor, Dvorak's "From the New World" and smaller numbers by Sibelius, Enesco, George Schuman and Liszt, etc., with a fervor, a splendor of color, a poetry and an ineffable beauty of tonal contrast which was a revelation to most of the audience as to the possibilities of an orchestral concert. Mr. Oberhoffer told me that he would be more than happy to exchange orchestral pulpits with Mr. Zach and does not see why our St. Louis orchestra should not visit Minneapolis while the Minneapolitans play in St. Louis. There is no reason on earth, except lack of interest and enthusiasm, why this should not be done next year. It was worth the trip to the little town in Illinois to realize once again that music is a thing of light and air, that floats in ever changing forms of radiant beauty in the impalpable ether, and that it but needs the inspiration of the poet to revive for us our visions of an ideal world where all is harmony and loveliness.

The chorus sang Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and sections of "The Redemption" under the leadership of Mrs. Rohland. This was the concluding concert of the series. Although the theater holds but 700 people and seemed

like a small toy in comparison with the Odeon, the effects were nevertheless very beautiful and the balance of tone maintained without any effort. The chorus sang with life and vigor and achieved some fine pianissimo effects in the first

work. I hope the day is not far distant when St. Louis will be able to arrange a May Festival of sufficient magnitude to attract visitors in our territory and to stimulate enthusiasm for fine choral singing in our midst.



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## Miss Nietzsche

Some sixteen years ago a young girl, amidst the "sands and bareness" of Butte, Montana, launched a book that startled the reading world. In its amazing precocity, its scorn of propriety, its stark paganism, its unblushing auto-latry and its implications of mixed sexuality it went beyond Marie Bashkirtseff. It was called "The Story of Mary MacLane" and under date of January 13, 1901, began: "I of womankind and nineteen years, will now begin to set down as full and frank a portrayal as I am able of myself, Mary MacLane, for whom the world contains not a parallel."

Mary MacLane has written another book. It is called "I, Mary MacLane." The title is accurate. "I, Mary MacLane," is almost its entire burden. Like her first book, this one gives expression to her intense dissatisfaction with everything. She is still tired, bored and melancholy, which is a little surprising when one considers the perfect creature she knows herself to be. Her contempt for the world is consistent enough, but why should such a peerless one be lored with herself?

There was a flavor and a freshness in the first book that the second has not. The idea of a pretty young girl of nineteen years posing as a world-weary pessimist was in itself calculated to intrigue one. The new book betrays the same sex confusion of this author's "Anemone Lady," being seemingly a sort of mingled Narcissianism and Lesbianism, with a normal love for the brute-man. All but three or four of the pictures decorating her room are those of women. The exceptions are Stanley Ketchell, the prize fighter, Andrea del Sarto, Ty Cobb and Christy Mathewson. She devotes a chapter in the present book to the celebration of Lesbian love. Men generally to her are a "sorry breed," while she finds "nearly all women perplexingly interesting as human beings," and herself the most interesting of them all. Of men she says: "As for men—except poets—I mean *poets*, and perhaps scientists—they are so ungenue: a race of discreet, cautious puppets: wooden dolls who move as their strings are pulled: with nothing so real about them inside or even outside—what use to dwell upon them?"

That she should exclude poets and scientists from her condemnation of mankind, is a little perplexing, when we consider the author's sheer admiration, for brute strength. One of the heroes of her first book was Napoleon, of whom she had seventeen different pictures. Each conveyed to her a different meaning, but at the same time one same meaning—strength. If the book had not been written before the war, doubtless the Kaiser would be one of her ideals of manhood or even that old wart-hog, Hindenburg, who displays a ruthlessness Napoleon never showed:

The thing I most admire is strength. The thing I most hate is weakness of each and every kind.

All the reassuring things in the world are in and of the strong deeds done in it. All the mischief and despair come from human weakness.

I would better strongly murder my foe than to forgive him weakly for my seeming advantage. I would be

happier in my mind as a careful charwoman than as a loose-jointed poet. I would rather have a farthing's value as a faithful concubine than no value as a slattern housewife.

Truth is strength nearly always, but not always. To cheat strongly in life's game gets me more than does weak, easy honesty. By being a strong man, Napoleon brought home the bacon. Being an honest one would have got him not one rasher of the bacon of his desire. The race is too ridden with "temperament" to let truth be its prevailing force. But strength plows its scornful way through temperament like a steam shovel. The bacon Napoleon brought home he took from other people, causing them misery. They were weak and let him take it, or they were strong and got killed trying to keep it. To get killed trying to keep your bacon is to be even stronger than Napoleon who lives and takes it from you. Those who sit still and let Napoleon get their bacon are fit only to be themselves made into bacon.

But Mary MacLane is patriotic though she may in the main agree with the sweet "philosophy" of modern Germany. She makes one reference to the war. This was evidently written before America's entry into the contest: "It makes me think of Lexington and Gettysburg with an odd furious personal shame. We are Americans not by accident but by the blood of dead Americans. But we assume it is by accident. We lie down like a nation of bastards to let the pig-hearted Huns trample by proxy on our neck."

"It was for America to declare war in the same hour the *Lusitania* passengers met murder."

Mary MacLane was doubtless very precocious when nineteen, but there were some things she didn't know—one of them that a woman should never at any time set down her age where it may be used against her. Mary was nineteen sixteen years ago. She now announces that she is thirty-one. However, she confesses herself still to be an awful liar. She says this of the woman of thirty:

I never knew real passion, passion-meanings, till I reached thirty. It is now I am at life's storm-center, youth's climax, the high-pulsed orgasmic moment of being alive.

At twenty the woman's chrysalis soul and aching pulses awaken in crude, chaste, spring-cold beauty. At forty her fires either have subsided to dim, glowing coals or leaped into too-positive, too-searing, too-obvious flames—her bones and the flagrees of her spirit may be alike dry, brittleish. But at thirty her spring has but changed to midsummer. Poesy still waits upon her passions.

My spring has changed, bloomed, burst to midsummer.

Soft electrical heat currents of being swing and sweep around me. They touch me and enter my veins. But the liquid essences of youth still quell and compass them. I am at youth's climax, a half-sullen, half-smouldering youth which still is youth. My rose of life is fragrant and aglow. Its sweet pink petals are uncurled and conscious in the wavering light.

Although there is so much pessimism in the book, it seems that Mary MacLane laughs, even though she has no very definite sense of humor, as may appear to some of us. She tells us that there are several things that frequently the thought of a dead mouse she once saw in a tea pot, which "had the look of a saint in effigy in a white sepulcher." Another mirth-exciting subject is the recollection of a lady she once saw with



heavy, furry, detachable eyebrows. Another is the extraordinary tailor named Stout in the "Mother Goose" melody, who finding the little old woman asleep, "cut off her petticoats round about." The greatest excitant to laughter is William J. Bryan. Bryan is not one of her heroes. She devotes a chapter to comment on him and his grape juice, with an "ad" for Budweiser and Cliquot.

Here is an excerpt that might be called a sample of this young lady's cubist and introspective literary style:

The blue-and-copper of yesterday is dead and buried this to-morrow in a maroon twilight.

I this moment saw darkly from my window the somber hills in their heavy spell of pale-purple and grief and beauty and splendor and sadness and wonder and woe.

But their color brings no tears to my wicked gray eyes.

The passion-edged moon is burnt out. Gone, gone, gone.

I listlessly change into the other black dress for listless dinnertime and all my thought is that my abdomen is beautifully flat and I must purchase a new petticoat.

I rub a little rouge on my pale mouth and I idly recall a clever and filthy story I once heard.

I laugh languidly at it and feel myself a comfortably vicious person.

I pronounce a damn on the familiar ache in my beloved left foot and turn away from myself.

I stick out the tip of my forked-feeling tongue at the bastard clock on the stairs. I note the hour on it with a faintness in my spirit-gizzard to dedicate Me from that time forth to a big blue god of Nastiness: Nastiness so restful, humorous, appetizing, reckless, sure-of-itself.

—these hellish to-morrows creeping in their petty pace: they bring in weak-kneed niceness, and they bring in doubts and they bring in meditation and imagery and all-around humaneness, till I'm a mere heavy-heeled, dubious, complicated jade.

Mary MacLane tells us many interesting things about herself; among others that she has two dresses, both black; that after the publication of her first book she spent eight years away from Butte, in Boston and New York, with a short trip to Europe and another to Florida. Of this period she says: "Those were mongrel wastrel years, empty of every realness, every purpose, every vantage: they filled her with a bastard wisdom." We also learn that Theda Bara is her favorite movie actress and that *Carmen* is her most admired character in fiction; that Keats is her favorite poet; that the six Americans she most admires are Thomas A. Edison, Harriet Monroe, Gertrude Atherton, Theodore Roosevelt, the remaining Wright brother and Amy Lowell. Incidental to another subject she tells us that she "has no husband and never had one." It was reported a number of years ago that Miss MacLane had married. We are likewise informed that her "heart is broken" although she does not care to dwell on that matter. It seems a New York man was the breaker.

The author has developed a lot of what may be considered mannerisms in composition since she last appeared in print. These violate most of the set rules. As did the first book, the present contains a picture of the author. The style has that vigor the author so much admires. Mary is never dull. Doubtless this is partly because of the "intimacy" of her work, as for instance when she tells us that the calf of her leg is shapely and at great length describes the kind of undergarments she wears. The book is published by Stokes & Co.

\*\*\*

## A Kiss

By Elizabeth Solomon

Listen!

For I can't say it above a whisper,  
So please listen—

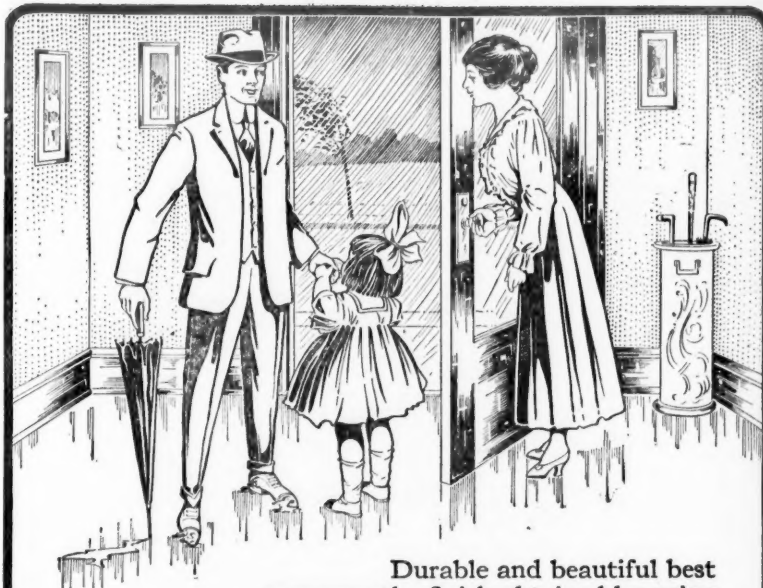
\* \* \* \* \*

I knew you were going to kiss me.  
I knew it *weeks* ago,  
Sooner or later,  
Some day, some hour,  
You'd kiss me—

\* \* \* \* \*

Glorious ultimate!  
But listen,  
At least *look* attentive!  
Isn't it funny, I knew it so well,  
Knew that you were—going to kiss me?  
\* \* \* \* \*

And I wondered when? How and where?  
And you really *hear every word* that I say



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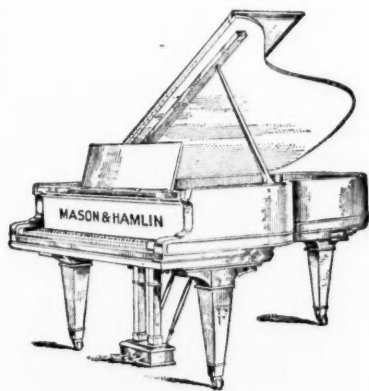
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Feel smothered in roses and rubies,  
Just listen—

\* \* \* \* \*

Nirvana!  
Listen, and tell me,  
Is it because you are you  
Or because I am I,  
Or because you kiss every girl that you know?  
None of these reasons you acknowledge?

\* \* \* \* \*

And it's all just because—  
I knew you were going to kiss me—  
And you *did*—

\* \* \* \* \*

Again—and again—!  
—From *Vanity Fair*.

\*\*\*

"I don't think I deserve zero on this examination," said the pupil, as he took his geometry papers. "No, I do not either, John, but that was the lowest I could give you," said the teacher.—  
*Christian Herald*.

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## Marts and Money

The New York stock market shows no striking changes in its determinative aspects. It yet displays decided degrees of irregularity and instability. Occasional recoveries of a point or two are chiefly the outcome of purchases for short account. The public remains apathetic, largely because its faith and resources have been much impaired by the course of developments since last November. Thousands of "outside" speculators are uneasily waiting for "daylight," which means, in other words, for opportunities to liquidate without prejudice to their finances. General knowledge of this constitutes a serious hindrance to constructive efforts. The professional element is playing the market in circumspect ways, preferably for short account, according to the daily run of news, technical changes, and intimations from oracular or superior quarters. Signs of a turn for the better are not wholly lacking. They can be discerned especially in the movements of leading copper, steel, and munition certificates. Even some of the first-class railroad shares reflect better support. This, despite marked weakness in the quotations for shares of the semi-investment class. Baltimore & Ohio common and Chicago, M. & St. Paul common recorded declines of five and six points, respectively, in the past week, owing, in the main, to selling by foreign interests, which facilitated the depressive maneuvers of the "bear" crowd. Respecting St. Paul common, there are broad hints that the 5 per cent dividend will have to be cut at an early date, in consequence of substantial contraction in earnings. This kind of talk should be received with considerable caution. It was reliably estimated two months ago that the company will report at least 9 per cent earned for its \$117,406,000 common stock at the close of the present fiscal year. Furthermore, there is to be drawn into calculation the admitted probability of a 10 or 15 per cent increase in freight rates, as also credible intimations of material enlargement in revenues in the next few months, in consequence of the adoption of reformed methods of interchanging and returning cars. The current quotation for St. Paul common—70—represents the lowest notch in about twenty years. The absolute maximum, paid some twelve years ago, is 199½. Both St. Paul and Baltimore & Ohio were extensively owned in Germany before the break of the war.

The finance committee of the Union Pacific has again declared the regular quarterly rate of 2 per cent and an extra dividend of one-half per cent, or \$2.50 in all. We are therefore justified in the conclusion that it is the intention to restore the common stock to the former dividend basis of 10 per cent per annum. Eight per cent was paid in the 1907-13 period, both inclusive, and 9 per cent in 1914. Considering the affluent condition of the company's treasury and the vast investment holdings, there can be no reasonable objection to the advanced rate of cash distributions. A few days ago, the common stock was quoted at 129¼, or at a figure denoting a net return of about 7.75 per cent; the present quotation is 132¾, indicating a yield of over 7.50 per cent. I do not believe that pos-

sessors of this stock feel powerfully tempted to liquidate at or around the existing price level, with a view to re-investing in the war bonds of the government. They can well afford to hold it, and pay their federal and state taxes thereon, and still have a larger income than they would get by purchasing 3½ per cent war bonds that are not subject to taxation of any kind. It may be taken for granted, though, that many of them will dispose of at least part of their holdings in response to the vehement urge of patriotism.

Zestful followers of the fortunes of United States Steel common felt highly gratified over the corporation's statement for April, which disclosed an increase of 471,000 tons in the total of unfilled business, and thus established another absolute maximum. The quotation for the stock rose from 113½ to 116½. The belief is prevalent on the stock exchange that Steel common is heavily oversold, and that this fact alone should bring about materially higher prices in the near future. That the stock acts well cannot be denied. Big amounts are sold without causing more than a slight quivering in the quoted value. It is the daily observance of this which incites persuasive gossip of steady absorption for the account of prominent parties. Steel common sways the whole market nowadays; the course of its price is taken to reflect the changing views of the Morgan-Rockefeller interests. Estimates concerning present and future earnings of the corporation continue superlatively optimistic. The *Wall Street Journal* thinks it probable that for the three months ending June 30, the net results will be \$130,000,000, against \$113,000,000 for the year's first quarter. The balance for the common is estimated at \$109,209,000, equal to \$21.70 a share for the three months, or to \$86.80 for the full year. If the astounding prosperity of the steel trade can be maintained, the corporation may find it convenient and desirable to take \$25,000,000 of the government's war bonds under every call for subscriptions. There is a great deal of inspiring talk also in regard to the earnings and finances of the Bethlehem, Midvale, Lackawanna, and Republic Steel companies. The common stock of the last-named holds notably firm between 78 and 80½, and it is in order, therefore, that friends of it should anticipate a rise in the quarterly dividend rate from \$1.50 to \$1.75 or \$2.

The market for the red metal is reported firm, with upward tendencies. Spot electrolytic is quoted at 31 to 33 cents per pound, against 28 to 29 two or three weeks ago. For third-quarter delivery, the quotation is 29 to 30 cents. Save for the persistence of peace rumors, the prices for both copper metal and copper shares would manifest still more firmness than they do at present. Anaconda, Inspiration and Kennecott are \$1 or \$1.50 higher than they were a week ago. Friends of them venture the opinion that the upward movement will become lively in the next few weeks. It cannot be said, however, that such hopeful prophecies are taken seriously by the majority of prudent operators. Ocular demonstration of correctness is insisted upon these days. Utah Copper is worth less to-day than it was last



week; the net depreciation amounts to \$2.

There is a growing number of trained onlookers who incline to the opinion that another vigorous and sustained "bull" market will be seen only on the announcement of definite peace negotiations, and that in the meantime sharp advances will occur solely in the prices of steel, copper, equipment, and kindred issues. The reasonableness of this theory is obvious. It is borne out by developments in European financial markets since August, 1914.

On the Chicago board of trade trading in May wheat has been stopped altogether. Short commitments will be settled at the fixed price of \$3.18. For a few days, the variations in prices were sensationally violent and aroused much indignation in conservative circles. July wheat has risen to \$2.75, which compares with 1.16¼ a year ago. A pronounced upward drift now is visible likewise in corn and oats, the May deals in which are quoted at \$1.62 and 74, respectively. Crop news from most of the principal grain-producing countries continues discouraging. Our own department of agriculture has estimated this season's winter wheat yield at only 366,000,000 bushels, the poorest record in thirteen years. Unless our spring wheat growers can present us with at least 300,000,000 bushels, the nation's ability to export will gravely be reduced. Our own domestic requirements for twelve months are placed at about 600,000,000 bushels.

The maximum rate for time loans now is 5 per cent; for call loans, it still is 4 per cent. As could have been expected, the sharp stiffening in our money market quickly led to the resumption of gold imports on an important scale. The sum total received thus far is \$50,000,000. The weekly statement of the New York banks and trust companies revealed a \$28,500,000 increase in loans, and a \$56,000,000 increase in excess reserves. The latter item now stands at \$147,199,000.

#### Finance in St. Louis

On the local stock exchange business still is of modest proportions. In existing circumstances, incentives for broad and assertive operations are lacking. Brokers and their customers are chiefly interested in the financial needs of the federal government, and the influences thereof upon money and investment markets. Pending informative developments, the disposition is to move lightly and warily, and to pick up particularly tempting bargains as they present themselves from day to day. The past week witnessed considerable trading in Bank of Commerce, of which more than two hundred and fifty shares were sold at 110 to 111.50. The price first given denotes a decline of about a point. Eight shares of St. Louis Union Trust were transferred at 353, the previous price. A transfer of five shares of Boatmen's Bank was effected at 113, and one of ten shares of Mercantile Trust at 360. The latter figure indicates an advance of \$2 for the week. Taken all in all, the liquidatory movement in the stocks of banking institutions, incidental to capitalistic subscriptions to war bonds and notes, has had strikingly little effect on the quoted values; in a few cases it has done no damage at all.

International Shoe common again played a notable part in daily proceedings. One hundred and seventy shares brought 99, a price showing no change from the minimum of the previous week. Two hundred and ten shares of Wagner Electric were marketed at 189; this, also, is an unchanged price. National Candy common dropped two points; one hundred and fifty shares brought 22.12½ to 22.50. Fifteen Union Sand & Material were sold at 82; forty-five Continental Portland Cement, at 98; five Chicago Railway Equipment, at 104.50; twenty-five Central Coal & Coke common, at 58.75, and \$1,000 Laclede Gas first mortgage 5s, at 100.12½. The last-given figure denotes a slight depreciation. The total decline from the top notch of 1916 is a little over two points. This appears remarkably small when it is borne in mind that many high-grade railroad and industrial bonds have depreciated five to seven points in the last ten months. In New York, last year's high record for Laclede Gas 5s was 102½; in St. Louis, 102½.

Owners of remunerative securities representing leading corporations in St. Louis and vicinity need have no anxiety regarding the future values of their holdings. They can afford to look with equanimity upon any depression that may temporarily be seen.



#### Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
German Savings Inst.....	200	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	109¼	110
State National Bank.....		205
Mercantile Trust.....		358
Mississippi Valley Trust..	290	
St. Louis Union Trust.....		353
Mortgage Guarantee.....		140
United Railways com.....		6
United Railways pfd.....	17½	18
United Railways 4s.....	59¼	60
E. St. L. Sub. 1st 5s.....		100¼
K. C. Home T. 5s (\$1000)		94¼
Certain-teed common.....	41	
Certain-teed 2d.....	86¼	
Union Sand and Material..		81
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	107	107½
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.....	87	
International Shoe com...		99½
International Shoe pfd.....	111	
Granite-Bimetallic.....		52¼
Laclede-Christy com.....		50
Hamilton-Brown.....		137
National Candy com.....	23	24
National Candy 1st pfd.....		104½
National Candy 2d pfd.....		90
Chicago Ry. Equipment....	103	104½
Wagner Electric.....		185
L. R. H. S. & W. 4s.....		76



#### Answers to Inquiries

J. B. W., Charleston, Ill.—(1) The preferred stock of the American Woolen Co. is considered a meritorious investment. In recent years, the quotation has not fluctuated in extensive fashion. Last year's range covered ten points. Thus far in 1917, the record has been five points. The 7 per cent dividend is not at all in jeopardy. The company is doing an exceptionally big business and paying 5 per cent on its common stock. The current price of 95 is not out of reason. It compares with 102 on March 10, 1916. The best on record is 110¾. A decline to 90 is not altogether improbable. Would not advise additional purchases above that level. (2) International Nickel is not likely to return to its high notch of 1916—56¾. Insiders have been "feeding it out" for some months.

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## "DOLLARS AND SAFETY"

which describes the contest and furnishes the facts on which the slogan is to be based. It tells the kind of slogan we want, and—what is just as important—the kind we don't want.

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IN DOUBT, St. Louis.—Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific 7 per cent preferred is quoted at 77½. This shows a decline of approximately \$17 from the maximum set on the curb last year. It is assumed that the 7 per cent will regularly be paid, the company's finances fully warranting disbursements at that rate. Owing to the weak market for railroad issues, a material improvement or full recovery cannot fairly be looked for unless the commerce commission grants a good advance in freight rates.

INVESTOR, Columbus, O.—The St. Paul general 4½ per cent bonds should be held, not sold at ruling low figures. Some rally will no doubt be seen in due time. However, the top price of last year, 104, will not be effective again for an indefinite period, at least not in 1917. Our entrance into the war has altered all investment standards.

READER, Omaha, Neb.—(1) National Lead preferred shows a decline of ten points. If it should fall to 98, it would be worth picking up for an investment and a speculative turn of several points. It has not sold at 100 since 1901. The company's finances are in good condition, and should improve further still, in view of the high price of lead. (2) Crucible Steel common is merely a speculation. Tipped to go higher. Dividend prospects are quite dubious. Buy government bonds.

A. L. T., Paola, Kan.—The 4 per cent refunding bonds of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Co. are considered a good investment. They are widely owned by banking and insurance institutions in the East. The depreciation in their price—seven points since January 1—was the result of conditions affecting all financial markets. Meas-

ured by pre-war standards, the current price of 72 appears attractive. The minimum set in 1916—63¼—was caused by aggravating uncertainties in regard to the reorganization. Owing to the government's enormous requisitions for funds, no tutored student of finance will feel surprised in case of further depreciation in the prices of all interest-drawing securities.

**CURIOUS, St. Louis.**—(1) New York Central looks cheap at the present price of 88, which compares with 114¼ last October. But this consideration does not preclude the possibility of additional loss in value. The yearly dividend rate is only 5 per cent, and it is now taken for granted that no advance need be looked for before January 1, 1918, if then. Latest monthly returns were decidedly unfavorable, and the commerce commission is reported to be opposed to enlarged payments to stockholders of all railroad companies. In 1915, New York Central was down to 77, despite the 5 per cent dividend. (2) Northern Pacific, now quoted at 99¼, would be worth buying at 95.

**STOCKHOLDER, Laddonia, Mo.**—(1) Minneapolis & St. Louis new stock is just a speculation, and not particularly tempting at 19, which compares with 36 in October, 1916. Cannot advise purchases under present conditions. (2) Tobacco Products preferred is a meritorious investment stock. The 7 per cent dividend is not in jeopardy at present, and not likely to be so in the next twelve months. The quotation may go down to 90, however.

**J. B. U., Ogden, Utah.**—You had better hold your American Smelting & Refining common and increase your possessions in the event of a break to 93. The company still does a record business; it could conveniently raise the dividend rate to 7 or 8 per cent, and yet add large amounts to the accumulated surplus. The high prices for silver, copper, lead and spelter will be effective many months longer, with recurrent moderate set-backs. In the past two or three weeks, Smelting common has felt the influence of general depression. It will give an impressive account of itself as soon as the "bull" gang regains control of things.

**DEALER, Minneapolis, Minn.**—(1) Let Distillers Securities alone. The reduced dividend of 2 per cent may also have to be passed before long. This much would appear foreshadowed by the current price of 13. A stock like this should be bought only for a gamble. (2) Hold Kennecott Copper. Add to holdings if price drops below 38.

**PUZZLED, Toledo, O.**—Western Maryland is suitable for a long-time speculation, and may develop into a good thing if the Rockefeller crowd retains control, as it probably will. John D. has just bought the Wheeling & Lake Erie, with the intention of linking this property up with the Maryland. Place a scaled buying order below 21.

♦♦♦

**Mrs. Crabshaw**—I might have married that man who became a millionaire. **Crabshaw**—Forget it, my dear. If he'd married you he would be as poor as I am.—*The Lamb.*

## When Lulu Made Trouble

Sadie eased her plump form into a seat beside Stella. "Kiddie," she said, "never introduce your best gentleman friend to a blond! Listen! Me and Billie are goin' to the movies last night when we meet up with Lulu Walters, her gettin' there accidentally because she'd planted herself there a purpose, and, of course, I had to do the polite. I wish you could a seen and heard her when I said the fatal words that made them acquainted. She bows and looks up through that bunch of curls she dangles on her brow, and 'Glad to collect your acquaintance,' she says.

"I nudge Billie, but do you think he give me a comeback? No! He's lookin' into her uplifted eyes and he's smirkin' like a cat that wants a chanct at a canary.

"Well, I say when I reached my limit, 'I guess we'll have to leave you here,' and I started on, but Lulu just hung alongside Billie. You know she's only about as big as a cigarette and she snuggled her hear against his shoulder and peeped around at me.

"'Lucky you!' she gurgled, 'to have a nice big mans to take you places. Poor little me! I have to stick home alone, and sew.'"

Stella sniffed. "Much she sits home and sews! What's she doin' now, waitin' at Dinks?" Sadie snapped her eyes. "Waitin'?" Her? The nearest she ever come to a waitresses' job is washin' out the eyes of spuds and removin' the union suits from onions in the kitchen there. But she smiles and grins and gargles at Billie and he's just like all the rest of the fool men—he fell for it. Then she looks around at me and smiles. You know, that deceitful look like a cat wears when it rubs its silky sides against your ankle and scratches holes in your silk stockin's while it waits for a chance to steal your cream.

"What's the matter with goin' with us?" Bill says.

"You know that leer she can give when a person of the other sect is around? Well, she done it. I'm afraid that Sadie wouldn't like it," she lisped.

"Oh, I retort, 'Don't mind me; go as far as you like.' And blamed if she didn't make believe she thought I'd give her a cordial invitation.

"I wish you could a seen her all through the show. She insisted in runnin' into the seats ahead of me and coppin' the one next the wall, where she wouldn't have to take her hat off. Then she engineered Bill in beside her, and every time they was a shootin' piece on the screen she grabbed his arm and said somethin' till he looked at her, and then she'd open her eyes so big and frightened. I was that disgusted I wanted to put chewin' gum in her hair. She squealed like she couldn't hold herself when the music played loud. Altogether was the life of the party.

"You can imagine my feelin's when Bill whispered to me: 'She's an amusin' little tike, ain't she?'"

"Yes, I says. 'About as amusin' as a headache.'

"Well, the pleasant little thing goes right along out with us and then she says she's afraid to go home alone, us

**COLUMBIA** Orpheum Vaudeville  
Mats. 2:15--Eves. 8:15  
The Psychie Eighth Wonder of the World,  
**MERCEDES**  
Accompanied by the Marvelous  
Occult, "The Musical Enigma"

**HARRY GIRARD & CO.**  
offer "The Wail of an Esquimo"  
Rita Mario Orchestra—Cum-  
mings & Shelley—Geo. M. Rose-  
ner—Walsh & Bentley—Conlin &  
Parks Trio—Orpheum Weekly.  
Mats. 10c to 50c. Eves. 10c to 75c

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10c-20c** Starting Monday  
May 21 and week  
The Haberdashery, featuring Harrington Reynolds. The Baggage-  
man, a laughable farce, will be presented by Will Armstrong, assisted by Miss  
Maudie Smith, an actress of exceptional ability. Browning and Dean, "the  
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company. Frear, Baggott and Frear, in baseball idiosyncracies. Reiff and  
Murray, humorous songs and original eccentric dances. The Arleys, sen-  
sational perch artists. Charles Gibbs, "the human phonograph."  
Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

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**BROWNS vs. NEW YORK—May 17**  
**BROWNS vs. WASHINGTON—May 18, 19, 20, 21**  
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GAME STARTS AT 3:30

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passin' her street to get to my house, and, of course, Billie takes her. I was just combin' my crown of glory when he come back. I didn't expect him, and it kind o' made me feel good. But I hope to be found dead in a Chinese laundry if the first words he said to soothe me wasn't: 'She's some cute little tike, ain't she?'

"Yes, she ain't," I says.

"Mad?" he asks. 'You look so serious.'

"Me, mad?" I says. 'No, indeedy; I was just wishin' I had a million dollars so I could found a home for lunatics so's to be sure you'd be well taken care of in your old age.'

"Now, what have I done?" he asks.

"Is or isn't that like a man? He looked at me keen, and then he added the last camel: 'Can it be that you're jealous?' he asks.

"Tee hee!" I laugh. 'Jealous of what? I just want to say, William Daly,' I says, gettin' warmer all the time, 'that you can spend all your time with Miss Lulu, for hereafter I'll have other engagements every night.'

"Say," he says. 'Cut the comedy. I'll be around to-morrow night as usual—'

"You needn't," I cut in. 'For I won't be here!'

"Do you mean you want to shake me?" he asks. My heart did a flipflop, but I shut my lips and answered: 'It looks like it, don't it?'

"Then," he says kind o' calm, 'I will not come back till you send for me.' 'In that case, you better give me one of your pictures,' I tell him, 'for you're goin' to be gone a long, long time.'

Sadie dabbed at her eyes, looked out the car window and tossed her head. Then she looked at her friend. "And he's went for good, I guess, 'cause he ain't sent any word."

"Well, there's a thorn to every rose," Stella observed. "Gert Downs was

tellin' me that Lulu had lost her job at Brink's and her father is home with a broke leg."

"The poor kid!" returned Sadie. "I wonder could I get her in at our place."

Stella smiled. "And," she continued. "Billie Daly asked me to invite you over to our house to-night and not to let on, but he is goin' to be there and try and make it up with you."

"Gee! Don't you love this kind of a nice, wet, sloppy night?" sniffed Sadie.—*Chicago Daily News.*

♦♦♦

## Drama

The Columbia's eight big vaudeville acts next week have for a top-liner Alexander Carr and company in "An April Shower." Mr. Carr is best remembered as *Mawruss Perlmutter*, in the "Potash and Perlmutter" plays. His vaudeville sketch is a dramatic comedy which he wrote in collaboration with Edgar Allan Woolf. Mr. Carr says that it is the best thing he ever has done.

As an extra added feature, Nellie V. Nichols, the singing comedienne, comes back for a return engagement. She is widely known in vaudeville for her famous song, "Will Someone Name My Nationality." Others on the week's offering are: Thomas F. Swift and company in "Me and Mary," an incident with music; Tom Kerr and Steffy Berko and their talking fiddles; the Norvelles in "An Artist's Studio;" Stella Tracey and Carl McBride, musical comedy favorites; Witt and Winter, a "Pair of Aces;" and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.



## Three Novels

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow always writes a good story, along the old line which omits an excess analysis of motive and psychology and deals in incident and action, and it may be said that she rather exceeds her own measure in "The Hornet's Nest," published by Little, Brown & Co. This is a story of New York life, the characterization of which in some instances is bold, but not beyond the bounds of plausibility. Greed, and the lust for power, with a little love, are the main influences that move the characters, and here the story is true to the real life of New York. Crime and intrigue are the methods through which the persons of the story seek to accomplish their ends. There is much of wickedness in nearly all these persons, but while the deeper-dyed villain is "foiled" at the ending, wickedness is not particularly punished, in which the story is truer to fact than to fiction. The incidents of the story move rapidly and there is never a moment when the interest flags. While of the variety known as lighter fiction, it is a remarkably good example of its kind. It is safe to say that the person who starts to read the book will finish it at one or two sittings.

"Second Youth" is the theme of Allan Updegraff's novel, which is announced as his first. It tells the tale of a New York silk-buyer, who, up to his thirty-sixth year, has led the life of a sober, quiet bachelor. He was a very modest, diffident gentleman and has never had anything to do with women. Then a wife who was separated from her wealthy and brutal husband, fixes her attention upon him and, by way of an experiment, makes love to him. He responds and then she tells him the truth and will have no more to do with him. After that, owing to his modesty as well as his sense of honor he becomes entangled with three or four other women, one of them a buxom boarding house-keeper, who almost marries him in spite of himself. He considers this a lucky escape, but almost immediately becomes involved with another woman he does not love. Indeed, his affections are firmly placed upon the woman who first made sport of him. This love lifts him out of the rut into which he has fallen and as a result, the manner of his life changes in many particulars. The story ends happily, of course, and is rather interesting in the drawing of the principal character—a shy, modest, scrupulous man whom the little god with the bow has always missed up to his thirty-sixth year. A good first novel.

H. De Vere Stacpoole has written a story called "Sea Plunder," published by the John Lane Co. It is the yarn of two voyages of a couple of adventurous and rascally sailors out of San Francisco to the South Seas. These sailors, a captain and a first mate, are hired by a couple of "speculators" to take out a cable ship and cut a cable. When the cable is cut, the promoters of the enterprise discover that war has been declared between England and Germany

over the Agadir affair. This ruins the "speculation." The captain and the mate make prisoners of the two promoters and declare war on their own account, robbing a German merchantman or two. Then they are taken in hand by an English cruiser and discover that there has been no declaration of war. They finally escape and make the Atlantic, where the cable ship is sunk. In the second voyage to raise a Chinese ship containing treasure, they are more successful. In some way the yarn lacks the tang of the sea that such writers as Dana and London were able to give to their sea stories. There is no woman concerned and no love-interest. Mr. Stacpoole is happier in other literary forms than in fiction.

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## New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added, when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN by Mary MacMillan. Cincinnati: Stewart-Kidd Co.

A collection of rhymed and blank and free verse.

CLEOMENES by Maris Warrington Billings. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.40.

A romance of Rome in Nero's time with the emperor as one of the principal characters.

PLAYS OF GODS AND MEN by Lord Dunsany. Boston: Luce & Co.

Containing "The Tents of the Arabs," "The Laughter of the Gods," "The Queen's Enemies" and "A Night at an Inn."

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING by H. G. Wells. New York: MacMillan; \$1.25.

In this volume Wells presents as forcibly and accurately as possible his religious beliefs, which he indicated in his preceding book. He firmly believes in a personal God while denying the dogmas of Christianity.

GERMAN IDEALISM AND PRUSSIAN MILITARISM by Charles William Super. New York: Neale Pub. Co.; \$1.00.

Essays written to show that Prussian militarism is not the outgrowth of German idealism.

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The St. Louis Cardinals and Boston will play a match game of baseball in St. Louis, Friday, June 8, for the benefit of the St. Louis Tuberculosis Society, and on the same day the boys of St. Louis will stage a marathon for the same worthy purpose. Both events are part of a summer fete planned by the Tuberculosis Society to raise money for conducting its fight against tuberculosis in this city along the lines of the enlarged scope of this work, and members of the society hope to realize a large sum as the result of the undertaking.

\*\*\*

Two Tommies at the front in France were discussing the days to follow the war. One of them was inclined to be pessimistic. "Cheer up, Bert," exclaimed his companion. "The war will soon be over and we'll all be back in Blighty." But there was no cheer in Bert. "'Tis all very well for you to talk like that, Charlie," he replied; "you're one of the lucky ones. But I'll never see Blighty no more. When you and the boys go home they'll put me on to emptying the blinkin' sandbags."—*Ex.*

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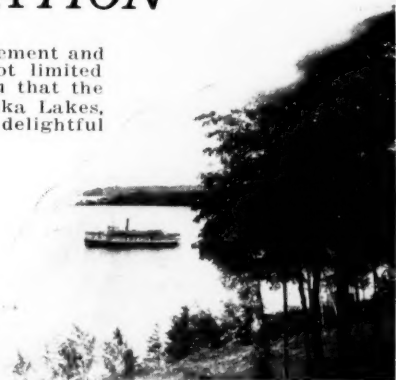
They will compliment the hotels, the rustic camps, the pretty cottages.

They speak of beautiful scenes formed by clear lakes, whipping streams, green, perfumed forests.

They recount their catches, their games, their plays and joys.

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## BOOKS

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Cholly (to shopman)—I say—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show window for me?

Shopman—Certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window any time, sir.

Cholly—Thanks, aw'f'ly. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good mawning.—*Christian Register.*

\*\*\*

At a Scottish watering-place Macpherson was found stretched in a contented mood on the sands, puffing his old pipe. "Come on, Mac," said his companion, "let's go for a sail." "Na, na," replied Macpherson, "I hae had a guid dinner at the cost o' three and saxpence, an' I'm takin' na risks."—*Ex.*

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"Why call me the consumer?" asked the guy who pays the bills. "All I do is produce!"—*Columbus Citizen.*

\*\*\*

Anzac Lieutenant—The Turks are as thick as peas. What shall we do?

Anzac Captain—Shell them, you idiot, shell them!—*Tit-Bits.*

\*\*\*

"The trouble with my boy Josh is that he's always ahead of the times," remarked Farmer Cornfossel. "What has he done?" "Went to town to see about

## FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

MAT. 2:30, EVE. 8:30.

Roeder & Dean

Robert Dore

Chas. Grohs

Dottie King & Co.

Bowman Bros.

Bertie Ford

Prof. Lemecke's Big Band

a position. He found a strike in progress and joined the strike before he got the job."—*Washington Star.*

\*\*\*

Curate—Shame on you for beating up Mike that way. Don't you know you should pray for your enemies?

Denny—But he ain't me enemy, father; he's a friend uv mine.—*Life.*

\*\*\*

One day after shoveling the snow from the sidewalk for two hours little Patsy began to cry. "What's the trouble, my little man?" asked a sympathetic neighbor. "A bad tramp come along and stole the snow shovel from the boy next door." "Well, my lad, it's a very nice thing to be sympathetic," said the neighbor, "but you mustn't worry so over other people's affairs." "It ain't that," said the boy, "I'm crying because he didn't steal my shovel, too."—*Ex.*

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When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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You Dorris owners have the right of way. No other car compares in beauty, in comfort, or trustworthiness.

It's a car that many owners envy, all admire. Dependable to the last degree, stanch and strong, with speed aplenty. It's luxurious.



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